





Carl B. Hess










DICKENS  
IN  
CARTOON AND CARICATURE



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DICKENS  
IN  
CARTOON AND CARICATURE

COMPILED BY  
WILLIAM GLYDE WILKINS

EDITED WITH INTRODUCTION BY  
B. W. MATZ  
EDITOR OF THE DICKENSIAN



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DICKENS  
IN  
CARTOON AND CARICATURE



## INTRODUCTION

BY B. W. MATZ

THE task of preparing this volume for the press has been at times a melancholy one, for it has often reminded me of the genial and generous good-nature of my friend who compiled it.

In my capacity as editor of *The Dickensian* it is my pleasure and privilege to meet or correspond with collectors of Dickensiana and other enthusiasts of the great novelist from all parts of the world, either in search of knowledge or in imparting it on all phases of the fascinating subject of Dickens lore. Among these, Mr. Wilkins will always be remembered. He was not one of those who, having become possessed of a unique treasure, hugged it to himself in selfish delight. He wanted always to share the pleasure with others. In this way my little store of Dickensiana, like that of many another, became enriched and my knowl-

edge of the subject — upon which I have spent many years — manifestly increased.

Mr. Wilkins was a keen student and lover of Dickens, as well as a conscientious collector — not always the same thing, by the way — and was as well known in the Dickens circle in London — the members of which ride their hobby-horse pretty severely — as he was in his own country. We all shared with him our knowledge and when possible our treasures too, and the obligation was always fully reciprocated by him.

He wrote and compiled many books and booklets on his favorite theme, chiefly devoted to the American side of the subject, and printed privately several valuable items of Dickensiana. His best known, and for some reasons the most valuable, contribution to the subject was entitled *Charles Dickens in America*, wherein he brought together almost everything that need be known of the novelist's two visits to that country, with full reports of the speeches made about Dickens, and of the speeches the novelist made himself.

We all knew Mr. Wilkins was busily engaged in compiling the present volume, and those of us who corresponded with him lent



him our aid when required. This is true particularly of Mr. William Miller, who assisted him in every possible way to complete his material, and I am sure it would have been Mr. Wilkins's wish that public acknowledgment be made to Mr. Miller for his ready co-operation.

Shortly before his death Mr. Wilkins informed us that the volume was to be printed, and that the MS. and other material were already in the hands of The Bibliophile Society. On hearing later that he had passed away speculation became rife as to whether in the circumstances the publication plans would be affected.

When, therefore, I was asked by The Bibliophile Society if I would sponsor the MS. material and prepare it for the press, I readily agreed to do so, feeling as I did that it is a volume which will be greatly prized by all interested in the subject; and I am pleased to be associated in this small way with its publication. My only regret is that it will not be available to others than the fortunate members of the Society which issues it.

Had Mr. Wilkins lived to complete his task he would no doubt have supplied the

various annotations and additions to the text that I have endeavored to do. Although it would have been possible to extend the scope of Mr. Wilkins's book, I have deemed it wise to leave it practically as he left it. In some instances, however, in order that the significance of the cartoon or caricature may be more easily appreciated, I have ventured to add explanatory paragraphs; whilst in several instances, where I have thought it necessary, I have supplied footnotes to the text, and occasionally dates where they were missing. I have also been able to supply letterpress to certain pictures, missing from the MS.

In arranging the material I have adopted the simple plan of chronology, taking the date of publication, or approximate date when uncertain, for guidance.

Certain plates appeared separately, and so no text accompanied them. These are self-explanatory, being for the most part fancy pictures of the novelist round whose portrait are grouped scenes or characters from his books, and were published usually as cabinet photographs during the year of his death. But where it has been possible to supply data I have done so.

There are also one or two cases where the source of the cartoon is not stated. These, curiously enough, apply to pictures from American papers, the names of which Mr. Wilkins no doubt left no stone unturned to discover, but evidently failed. Perhaps the publication of this volume will bring to light the missing information.





## FOREWORD

BY WILLIAM GLYDE WILKINS

PROBABLY no author ever lived of whom more portraits have been made, both during his lifetime and since his death, than Charles Dickens.

There has perhaps never been an author whose features, from early youth to the time of his death, are so familiar to the reading public as those of this great author of the Victorian era. The writer has in his collection over four hundred<sup>1</sup> portraits of Dickens, including steel engravings, etchings, lithographs, wood engravings and photographs. Of the latter there are one hundred and twenty in a variety of poses, — half lengths, three-quarter lengths and full length; some in sitting position and some standing; in some he is reading, some writing, some putting on his gloves, some with hat in hand, with cane, and others with both hat and cane. During the years in which he was giving his public readings

<sup>1</sup> The portraits in the National Dickens Library in the Guildhall, London, number only 247. — W. G. W.

Dickens was as much photographed as any prima donna or stage beauty of the present day.

As is the case with most famous men, he did not escape the pencil of the caricaturist or cartoonist. The caricatures, however, were not of a particularly ill-natured character, but dealt frequently with his love of jewelry and what today would be called somewhat flashy attire. Many of the cartoons dealt with incidents of his career, such as his very brief editorship of the *Daily News*, the first number of which was issued November 21, 1846, and events connected with his second visit to the United States in 1868. His death was also the occasion of many cartoons by various artists showing incidents in his works grouped about his portrait. Some of these have been reproduced in *Dickens by Pen and Pencil*, by the late Frederick G. Kitton, some in the memorial edition of Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, edited by B. W. Matz, and in *The Dickensian*, while others are to be found only in the various periodicals in which they were first produced.

The writer has been more than ten years making his collection, and he believes that

other "Dickensians" who, while they may not have the time or inclination to make a similar collection of the originals, might like to possess photographic facsimiles of these cartoons and caricatures. He is therefore induced to share the fruits of his labors with his fellow-members of The Bibliophile Society in permitting the pictures to be reproduced and dispensed in this form, together with such letterpress as accompanied the originals; all of which it is hoped will prove of interest to the lovers of the writings of the greatest master of English fiction of the nineteenth century.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> This foreword was prepared by Mr. Wilkins only a few months before his death.

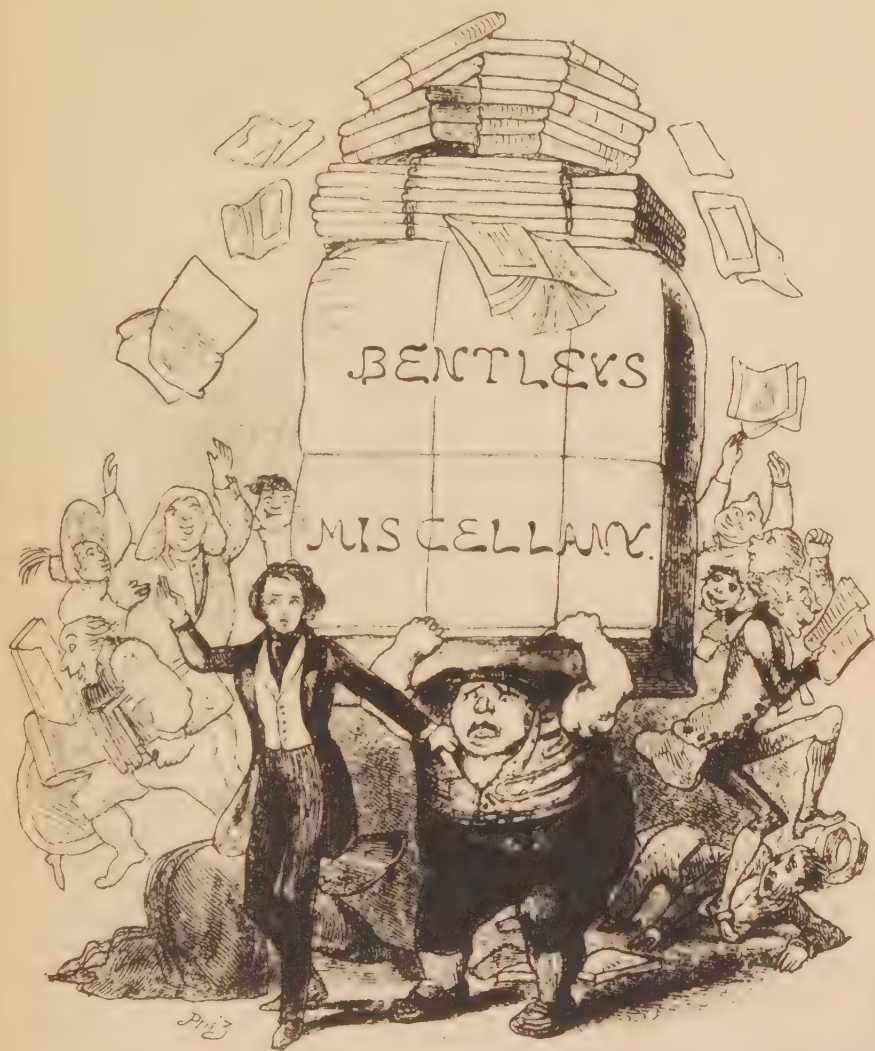
PLATE NUMBER I

*PUBLISHING DAY OF BENTLEY'S  
MISCELLANY*

(with portrait of Charles Dickens)

IN the third issue of *Bentley's Miscellany*, published in March 1837, was inserted an advertisement leaflet entitled *Extraordinary Gazette*, the text of which here follows. At the head of it appeared a woodcut from which the accompanying picture is reproduced. It was drawn by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) and engraved by John Thompson, and represents Dickens leading a "burly and perspiring" porter carrying on his head a huge consignment of the magazine. They are surrounded by excited enthusiasts scrambling for copies as they fall from the top.

B. W. M.







EXTRAORDINARY GAZETTE  
SPEECH OF HIS MIGHTINESS  
ON OPENING THE SECOND NUMBER  
OF  
BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY

EDITED BY "BOZ" [CHARLES DICKENS]

On Wednesday, the first of February (1837), "the House" (of Bentley) met for the despatch of business, in pursuance of the Proclamation inserted by authority in all the Morning, Evening and Weekly Papers, appointing that day for the publication of the Second Number of the *Miscellany*, edited by "Boz."

His Mightiness the Editor, in his progress to New Burlington Street, received with the utmost affability the numerous petitions of the crossing-sweepers, and was repeatedly and loudly hailed by the cabmen on the different stands in the line of road through which he passed. His Mightiness appeared in the highest possible spirits, and immediately after his arrival at the House, delivered himself of the following most gracious speech:—

[ 19 ]

*“My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen: —*

“In calling upon you to deliberate on the various important matters which I have now to submit to your consideration, I rely with entire confidence on that spirit of good-will and kindness of which I have more than once taken occasion to express my sense; and which I am but too happy to acknowledge again.

“It has been the constant aim of my policy to preserve peace in your minds, and promote merriment in your hearts; to set before you the scenes and characters of real life in all their endless diversity; occasionally (I hope) to instruct, always to amuse, and never to offend. I trust I may refer you to my *Pickwick*, and measures already taken and still in progress, in confirmation of this assurance.

“In further proof of my sincere anxiety for the amusement and light-heartedness of the community, let me direct your particular attention to the volume I now lay before you, which contains no fewer than twenty-one reports, of greater or less extent, from most eminent, active and intelligent commissioners. I cannot but anticipate that when you shall have given an attentive

perusal to this general report on Periodical Literature you will be seized with an eager and becoming desire to possess yourselves of all the succeeding numbers, — a desire on which too much praise and encouragement can never be bestowed.

*“Gentlemen of the Reviews: —*

“I have directed the earliest copies of every monthly number to be laid before you. They shall be framed with the strictest regard to the taste and wishes of the people; and I am confident that I may rely on your zealous and impartial co-operation in the public service.

“The accounts and estimates of the first number have been made out; and I am happy to inform you that the state of the revenue as compared with the expenditure (great as the latter has been, and must necessarily continue to be) is most satisfactory; in fact, that a surplus of considerable extent has been already realised. It affords me much pleasure to reflect that not the smallest difficulty will arise in the appropriation of it.

*“My Lords, Ladies, and Gentlemen: —*

“I continue to receive from Foreign

Powers, undeniable assurances of their disinterested regard and esteem. The free and independent States of America have done me the honour to reprint my Sketches, gratuitously; and to circulate them throughout the possessions of the British Crown in India, without charging me anything at all. I think I shall recognize Don Carlos if I ever meet him in the street, and I am sure I shall at once know the King of the French, for I have seen him before.

“I deeply lament the ferment and agitation of the public mind in Ireland, which was occasioned by the inadequate supply of the first number of this *Miscellany*. I deplore the outrages which were committed by an irritated and disappointed populace on the shop of the agent; and the violent threats which were directed against him personally, on his stating his inability to comply with their exorbitant demands. I derive great satisfaction from reflecting that the promptest and most vigorous measures were instantaneously taken to repress the tumult. A large detachment of *Miscellanies* was levied and shipped with all possible despatch; and I have it in my power to state that although the excitement has not

yet wholly subsided, it has been, by these means, materially allayed. I have every reason to hope that the arrangements since made with my agent in the Port of Dublin, render any recurrence of the disturbances extremely improbable, and will effectually prevent their breaking out afresh.

“I view with heartfelt satisfaction, the loyal and peaceable demeanor of the people of Scotland, who although they experienced a similar provocation to outrage and rebellion, were content to wait until fresh supplies could be forwarded per mail and steam.

“I feel unfeigned pleasure in bearing similar testimony to the forbearing disposition and patriotic feeling of the hardy mountaineers in the Principality of Wales.

“I have concluded treaties on the most advantageous terms, not only with the powers whose names are already known to you, but with others, to whom it might prove disadvantageous to the public service to make any more direct reference at present. I have laboured, and shall continue to labour, most earnestly and zealously for your pleasure and enjoyment; and surrounded as I am by talent and ability I

look most confidently to your approval and support.”

NOTE OF THE REPORTER

His Mightiness incorporated with his speech on general topics, some especial reference to one *Oliver Twist*. Not distinctly understanding the allusion, we have abstained from giving it.

## DICKENS AND PICKWICK

In 1838 there was published in London by Sherwood, Gilbert and Piper ten etchings by Thomas Sibson enclosed in green wrappers bearing the title of "Sibson's Racy Sketches of Expeditions, from the Pickwick Club."

The design on the wrapper comprised, at the top, the picture reproduced here representing Dickens standing on the head of Mr. Pickwick and holding aloft an enormous quill pen.

These "Sketches" are exceedingly rare and have brought high prices whenever sets have come into the auction markets.

The preface to the collection reads as follows:—

"Originally the 'Pickwick Club' appeared with four illustrations — but since Death chilled the life-depicting hand of poor Seymour, two embellishments have disappeared, while eight pages of letterpress have been added.

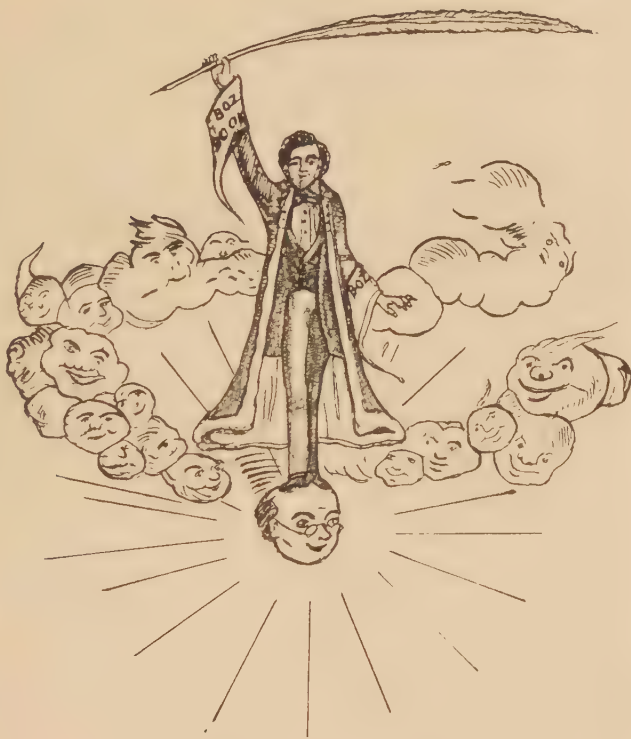


“These papers thus arranged, bursting as they do with incident, and intoxicated as they are with wit, must have come before the public without illustrations of many striking scenes. Reader, were it not so, these sketches would never have seen the light of your eyes.

“The artist’s hope (may you not find it a vain one) is that these humble efforts may afford some of the pleasure he enjoyed in imagining them.

“T[HOMAS] S[IBSON]”

[11, Buckingham Place, London,  
January 1, 1838]



DICKENS AND PICKWICK.

PLATE NUMBER II



PLATE NUMBER III

*DICKENS AND  
MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK*

THIS picture by "Phiz" (Hablot K. Browne) appeared on the prospectus announcing the publication of the serial issue of *Master Humphrey's Clock* in 1840. It shows Dickens leaning on one of the open doors of an old clock, from which emerge numerous characters, the only one easily recognizable being Mr. Pickwick, who has found a safe resting place on the floor.

B. W. M.









## MASTER HUMPHREY'S CLOCK

In the little book *Sketches of Young Couples* published by Chapman and Hall in 1840, there appeared the following advertisement: —

“Now wound up and going, preparatory to its striking on Saturday, the 28th of March (1840), Master Humphrey's Clock, maker's name — ‘Boz.’ The Figures and Hands by George Cattermole, Esq., and ‘Phiz.’

“*Master Humphrey* hopes (and is almost tempted to believe) that all degrees of readers, young or old, rich or poor, sad or merry, easy of amusement or difficult to entertain, may find something agreeable in the face of the old clock. That when they have made its acquaintance its voice may sound cheerfully in their ears, and be suggestive of none but pleasant thoughts. That they may come to have favourite and familiar associations connected with its name, and to look for it as a welcome friend.

“From week to week, then, Master Humphrey will set his clock, trusting that while it counts the hours, it will sometimes cheat them of all their heaviness, and that while

it marks the tread of Time, it will scatter a few slight flowers on the Old Mower's Path.

"Until the special period arrives, and he can enter fully into that confidence with his readers which he is impatient to maintain, he may only bid them a short farewell, and look forward to their next meeting."

F. G. Kitton, in *The Novels of Charles Dickens*, wrote: —

"The first number of *Master Humphrey's Clock* appeared on April 4, 1840, and nearly seventy thousand copies were sold. The critics did not favour the new form of publication — a kind of serial miscellany of tales and sketches — so that the circulation began to decrease; but it recovered when Dickens revived Mr. Pickwick and the Wellers, many of whose quaint sayings are to be found here. The construction of *Master Humphrey's Clock* was considered, however, to be inartistic; therefore the novelist speedily dropped the idea he once entertained of enlisting the services of other writers, and abandoned the plan of having an upstairs club around the Clock, as well as a similar social gathering downstairs under the name of 'Mr. Weller's Watch.'

The cumbrous machinery disposed of, Dickens began seriously to work upon a continuous story — that of the old Curiosity dealer and his grandchild — which began in the fourth number. On its conclusion it was followed by that more dramatic romance, *Barnaby Rudge*, both of these tales appearing originally in *Master Humphrey's Clock*.

“Dickens could not immediately decide upon a suitable designation for his new story. On March 4, 1840, he wrote to his friend Forster, ‘What do you think of the following double title for the beginning of that little tale? ‘Personal Adventures of Master Humphrey: The Old Curiosity Shop.’ I have thought of Master Humphrey’s Tale; Master Humphrey’s Narrative; A Passage in Master Humphrey’s Life; but I also thought of The Old Curiosity Dealer and the Child, instead of the Old Curiosity Shop.’ — The title selected by Dickens and approved by Mr. Forster has been objected to because there is scarcely anything in the book about old curiosities, while the bric-a-brac shop itself disappears from the scene in the early chapters.

“It was issued in eighty-eight weekly numbers, imperial octavo (white wrappers) at 3*d* each, and closing November 27, 1841; and also in twenty monthly parts in green wrappers, the price of each part varying from 1*s* to 1*s*, 3*d*, this depending upon the amount of text in the number. The whole constituted three volumes. They were published (1840-41) by Chapman and Hall in cloth, cut edges, at £1.6*s*-6*d*. Instead of etchings as in previous works, the illustrations were engraved on wood. These were drawn by George Cattermole and Hablot K. Browne. Dickens was so delighted with Cattermole’s drawings that when thanking him for his invaluable co-operation, he said it was the first time any designs for what he had written had touched and moved him, and that had caused him to feel that they expressed the idea he had in his mind.”

## PLATE NUMBER IV

### BOZ'S INTRODUCTION TO CHRISTOPHER NORTH AND THE CALEDONIAN YOUTH

THE meeting of Dickens with Professor John Wilson and Peter Robinson, otherwise known by their nom de plumes as "Christopher North" and "The Caledonian Youth," was the subject of a caricature engraving by A. Lesage (1841), a Scottish artist, showing Dickens being introduced by Lord Jeffrey to these two famous Scotsmen. It was inspired by the visit of the novelist to Edinburgh, where he was entertained at a public dinner and otherwise honoured by the literary lights of the city. In the background are the familiar figures of Mr. Pickwick, Sam Weller, and several characters from *Nicholas Nickleby*; whilst over them in the sky loom the shades of Scott and Burns.

B. W. M.









On the 18th of March 1841, Dickens wrote to his friend Forster, — “I had a letter from Edinburgh this morning, announcing that Jeffrey’s<sup>1</sup> visit to London will be week after next; telling me that he drives about Edinburgh declaring there has been ‘nothing so good as Nell since Cordelia,’ which he writes also to all manner of people; and informing me of a desire in that romantic town to give me greeting and welcome. For this and other reasons I am disposed to make Scotland my destination in June, rather than Ireland.”

Forster, in his *Life of Charles Dickens* wrote, — “Early in April Jeffrey came, many feasts and entertainments welcoming him, of which he very sparingly partook; and before he left, the visit to Scotland in June had been arranged in Edinburgh with Lord Jeffrey in the chair.”

Dickens wrote to Forster on June 15, — “Jeffrey is not well enough to take the chair, so Wilson<sup>2</sup> does, and I think under all the circumstances of politics, acquaintance, and *Edinburgh Review*, that it’s much better as it is — Don’t you?”

<sup>1</sup> Francis, Lord Jeffrey.

<sup>2</sup> Professor John Wilson (“Christopher North”).

Dickens's first letter to Forster from Edinburgh, where he and Mrs. Dickens took up quarters at the Royal Hotel on their arrival the previous night, is dated the 23d of June. He wrote:—

“I have been this morning to the Parliament House and am now introduced (I hope) to everybody in Edinburgh. The hotel is perfectly besieged. . . . They talk of 300 at the dinner. . . . There was a supper ready last night which would have been a dinner anywhere.” This, says Forster, was his first practical experience of the honours his fame had won for him, and it found him as eager to receive as all were eager to give. Very interesting, too, are those who took a leading part in the celebration; and in his pleasant sketches of them there are some once famous and familiar figures not so well known to the present generation. Here, among the first, are Wilson and Robertson.<sup>3</sup>

Dickens's letter continues: “The renowned Peter Robinson is a large, portly, full-faced man with a merry eye and a queer way of looking under his spectacles, which is characteristic and pleasant. He seems a

<sup>3</sup> Peter, afterwards Lord Robertson.

very warm-hearted earnest man too, and I felt at home with him forthwith. Walking up and down in the hall of the courts of law (which was full of advocates, writers to the signet, clerks and idlers) was a tall, burly, handsome man of eight and fifty, with a gait like O'Connell's, the bluest eyes you can imagine, and long hair — longer than mine — falling down in a wild way under the broad brim of his hat. He had on a surtout coat, a blue checked shirt; the collar standing up and kept in place with a wisp of black handkerchief thrust into his breast, which was all broad and open. At his heels followed a very sharp-eyed, shaggy devil of a terrier dogging his steps, as he went slashing up and down, now with one man beside him, now with another, and now quite alone, but always at a fast, rolling pace, with his head in the air, and his eyes as wide open as he could get them. I guessed it was Wilson, and it was. A bright, clear complexioned, mountain looking fellow, he looks as though he had just come down from the Highlands, and had never in his life taken a pen in his hand. But he has had an attack of paralysis in his right arm within the month. He winced

when I shook hands with him, and once or twice when he was walking up and down, slipped as if he had stumbled on a piece of orange peel. He is a great fellow to look at, and talk to, and if you could divert your mind of the actual Scott, is just the figure you could put in his place."

# YANKEE NOTES FOR ENGLISH CIRCULATION

OR

## BOZ IN A MERRY KEY

The above was the title of a comic song written by James Briton, the music arranged to an American air by George Loder, and published by T. E. Purday, 50 St. Paul's Churchyard London in 1842. It was in January of that year that Dickens made his first visit to the United States.

The picture on the cover, reproduced here, showing Dickens enjoying himself in what looks like the cabin of a steamer — perhaps on his return voyage — is reputed to be by Alfred Crowquill.

The following were the verses of the song. — B. W. M.

Unto the land of Yankee,  
I've been to take a view;  
To say "I'm hearty thank'ee"  
Unto his "how d'ye do?"  
I've been to hold a parley,  
Their manners just to *catch*,  
And like another "*Charley*,"  
I've been upon the *watch*!

For English Circulation  
Are these my Yankee Notes.

Our ship the sea while crossing,  
Would like a gambler play:  
At "*pitching*" and at "*tossing*,"  
She kept throughout the way.  
Myself, and all else in her,  
Ate nothing scarce, poor souls,  
But for breakfast, supper, dinner,  
The vessel gave us "*rolls!*"

The Captain car'd no copper,  
Tho' we for speed did look,  
But kept crying "*back ber*" "*stop ber*"  
As if he "*short-cut*" took!  
We roll'd about in *tortor*,  
And oftentimes we guess'd  
We should have our *chests on water*,  
Or *water on the chest!*

I got the New York coast on,  
And said as I walk'd there,  
"This town is nought to Boast-on,<sup>1</sup>  
Although it's ve-ry fair!"  
In fact, as there I stood on,  
This thought upon me came —  
"The houses were all *wooden*,  
The *inbabitants the same!*"

<sup>1</sup> Boston.





PLATE NUMBER V



I think I may as scholars,  
The Yankees put 'em down: —  
Their talk is all of *dollars*,  
Though they haven't got a "*Crown*."  
For kingcraft there they don't care: —  
And there's a man that's flat,  
So loyal that he won't wear  
A *Crown* unto his hat!

I noticed with dire pity,  
That "fire's!" a constant shout,  
And Engines o'er the City,  
Like Organs *play* about!  
That both play "*water pieces*,"  
The thought in my head pops;  
But here the idea ceases —  
The Engines have no "stops!"

But fires are getting fainter —  
Incendiarism's flat,  
For there's a clever painter,  
Will put a stop to that!  
Though formed of wood, he's shown,  
Each house will 'scape all right: —  
He'll paint 'em so *like stone*,  
They *will not catch alight!*

Some roads there be you travel,  
Indeed are but so so;  
And you *must* take your gravel,  
If on 'em you would go!  
And then the fog so thick was,

And so tarnation strong,  
I was forced to use a pick-axe  
To cut my way along!

There's a Theatre so pack'd in  
With crowds — it is your doom  
If you would see the acting,  
You *must take your own room*.  
An Actor gets applause so,  
When he begins to spout,  
And on the boards he “draws” so,  
He *draws the nails all out!*

The ladies have such bright eyes  
That if a fellow gaze,  
He like a moth in light dies,  
They send forth such a blaze!  
I met a Mrs. Randal —  
And no one could go nigh-her —  
At night she served for candle! —  
In winter for a fire!!

Oysters, they so great give,  
To stay your appetite,  
You'll always find a “Native”  
To prove a “*settler*” quite!  
They beat all others hollow —  
And tho' it may sound droll,  
It takes *two men* to swallow  
A riggler oyster whole!

Again I'm come home handy —  
I'll roam no more — I'm *fix'd* —

Pleasure, ar'nt like Brandy,  
Good with water mixed!  
Memory e'en sickens,  
At the voyage all along,  
And if I've played the *Dickens*,  
I meant nothing wrong!  
For English Circulation  
Are these my Yankee Notes.



## DICKENS AND THE "ARTIST IN BOOTS"

Dickens on his first visit to the United States in 1842, had an experience with a boot-maker which he describes in the last chapter of *American Notes*, and which formed the subject of an illustration drawn by an American artist for the March (1843) number of an American monthly called *The Pioneer*. The following is an extract from Dickens's description of the event: —

The Republican Institutions of America undoubtedly lead the people to assert their self-respect and their equality; but a traveler is bound to bear those Institutions in his mind, but not hastily to resent the near approach of a class of strangers, who, at home, would keep aloof. This characteristic, when it was tinged with foolish pride, and stopped short of no honest service, never offended me; and I very seldom, if ever, experienced its rude or unbecoming display. Once or twice it was comically developed, as in the following case, but this was an amusing incident, and not the rule, or near it.



I wanted a pair of boots at a certain town, for I had none to travel in but these with the memorable cork soles, which were much too hot for the fiery decks of a steam-boat. I therefore sent a message to an artist in boots, importing with my compliments, that I should be happy to see him, if he would do me the polite favour to call. He very kindly returned for answer, that he would "look round" at six o'clock that evening.

I was lying on the sofa, with a book and a wine glass, at about that time, when the door opened, and a gentleman in a stiff cravat, within a year or two on either side of thirty, entered, in his hat and gloves; walked up to the looking-glass; arranged his hair, took off his gloves, slowly produced a measure from the utmost depths of his coat pocket, and requested me, in a languid tone, to "unfix" my straps. I complied, but looked with some curiosity at his hat, which was still upon his head. It might have been that, or it might have been the heat, — but he took it off.

Then he sat himself down on a chair opposite to me; rested an arm on each knee; and, leaning forward very much, took

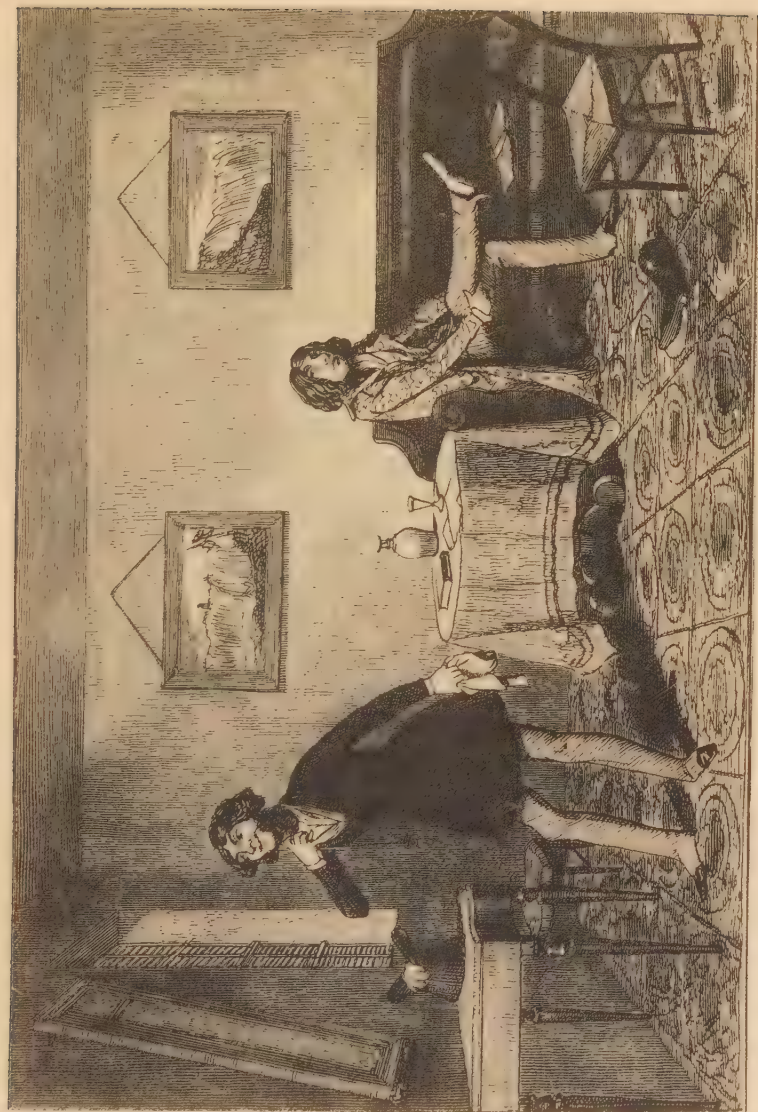


PLATE NUMBER VI



from the ground, by a great effort, the specimen of metropolitan workmanship which I had just pulled off — whistling pleasantly as he did so; he turned it over and over; surveyed it with a contempt no language can express; and inquired if I wished him to fix me a boot like *that*! I courteously replied that provided the boots were large enough, I would leave the rest to him; that if convenient and practicable I should not object to their bearing some resemblance to the model then before him; but that I would be entirely guided by, and would beg to leave the whole subject to, his judgment and discretion.

“You ain’t partickler about this scoop in the heel, I suppose then?” says he. “We don’t foller that here.”

I repeated my last observation. He looked at himself in the glass again; went closer to it to dash a grain or two of dust out of the corner of his eye; and settled his cravat. All the time my leg and foot were in the air. “Nearly ready sir?” I inquired.

“Well, pretty nigh,” he said; “Keep steady.” I kept as steady as I could, both in foot and face; and having by this time

got the dust out, and found his pencil-case, he measured me, and made the necessary notes. When he had finished he fell into his old attitude, and taking up the boot again he mused for some time.

"And this," he said at last, "is an English boot, is it? This is a London boot, eh?"

"That, sir," I replied, "is a London boot."

He mused over it again, after the manner of Hamlet with Yorick's skull, nodded his head, as who should say, "I pity Institutions that lead to the production of this boot!" rose, put up his pencil, notes and paper — glancing at himself in the glass all the time — put on his hat, drew on his gloves very slowly, and finally walked out. When he had been gone about a minute, the door reopened, and his hat and his head reappeared. He looked round the room, and at the boot again, which was still lying on the floor; appeared thoughtful for a minute; and then said, — "Well, good arternoon."

"Good afternoon, sir," said I; and that was the end of the interview.

## CHARLES DICKENS AND THE NEW MORNING PAPER

On the 21st of January 1846, appeared in London the first number of a new morning newspaper entitled *The Daily News*, edited by Charles Dickens, which has continued its existence to the present day. Among those associated with Dickens in his enterprise were John Forster, W. J. Fox, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, Dudley Costello, George Hogarth and John Dickens the novelist's father.

Dickens's salary was £2000 a year and he entered on his task with his usual energy, and spent morning, noon and night at the offices. He soon found, however, that the continual labor, anxiety, and the mechanical drudgery such a task entailed were more than he could cope with, and after a few weeks he resigned the editorial chair to his friend Forster. He continued, however, for some time to contribute to its pages.

The appearance of an important daily paper controlled by the inspiring force of such a man as Dickens, naturally created a good deal of excitement amongst other daily

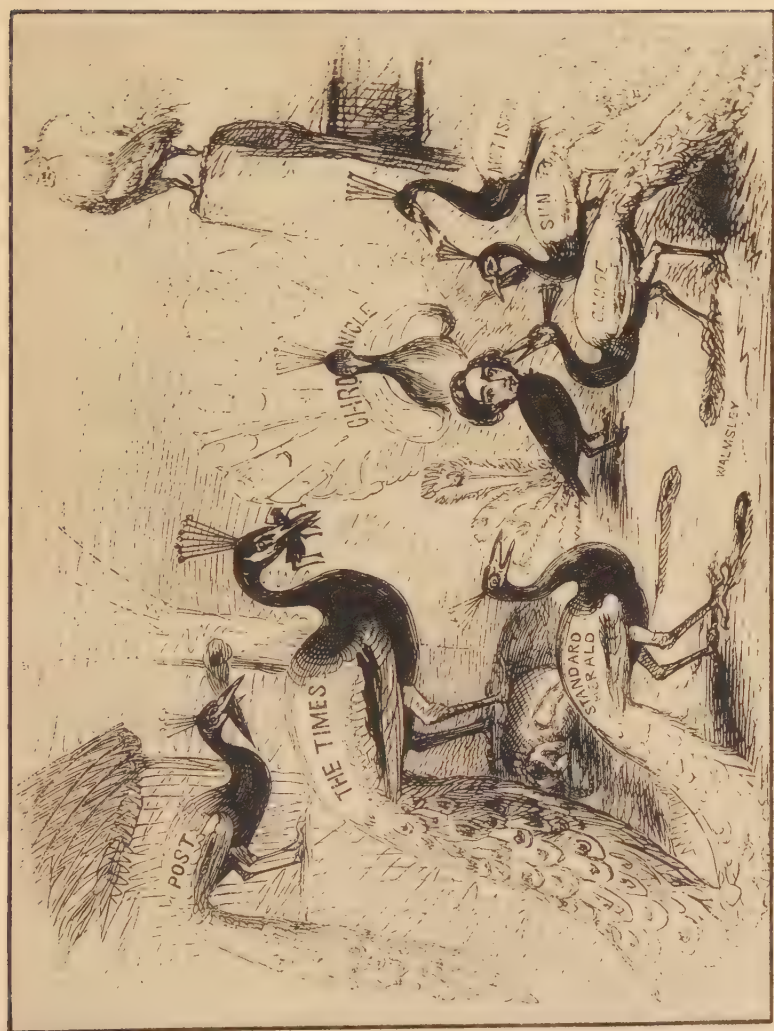


papers, many of which, like Dickens's friends, foretold disaster to him.

Two cartoons which appeared in *Mephystopheles* on the 24th of January and the 14th of February 1846, are reproduced here, together with the verses which accompanied them.

B. W. M.





THE JACKASS DISGUISED AND THE PEACOCKS

PLATE NUMBER VII



## A FRIENDLY EPISTLE FROM ALBOBRANDENSIS

Charley Dickens, be not too bold,  
Your Daily News is very old  
And will not prove a mine of gold.

How could you, Charley, lend your name  
To such a vulgar losing game,  
The winding sheet of all your fame?

Charley, my friend, repent by times,  
Attend to my prophetic rhymes:  
He hazards much who wayward climbs

From height to height the Alpine steep,  
The Eagle's nest, the giant's leap;  
Slow and sure the way to creep;

Stick to your novels, tales, and chimes;  
Or seek Italia's sunny climes,  
Nor think to supersede the *Times*.

From *Mepbystopheles* (London), 24th January, 1846

## TITANIA DICKENS TO BOTTOM — THE DAILY NEWS

Come rest in this bosom, my own stricken donkey,  
Nor heed *Times* nor *Chronicle*, *Grandma* nor  
*Flunkey*:

Though the leaders are scorned by my own *Daily*  
*News*,  
I who wrote them, to read them will never refuse.

What's an Editor made for, if he isn't the brick,  
Circulation or none, to his paper to stick?  
I know not, I ask not, if they buy you or not,  
I but know that I edit thee — therefore they ought.

Thou hast called me thy "Dickens" in moments of  
bliss,  
Still *the* Dickens I'll play with thee even in this;  
While there's shot in the locker thy fortune is mine,  
While a copper is left I am *thy* valentine.

From *Mephistopheles* (London), 14th February, 1846



PLATE NUMBER VIII



## HINTS TO NOVELISTS, FOR 1846

The following is from *The Comic Almanack* for 1846: —

The increasing demand for this species of literature, whether with or without a purpose — the latter style being perhaps the most popular — has called forth a number of new pens to meet it. Some of these being rather new at their work, stand in need of a little assistance; and we are most happy in being able to give it, in the shape of those methods of commencing a tale which experience has shown to be the most successful and hence the most universally followed.

### THE PSEUDO-GRAPHIC, OR WEAK BOZ-AND-WATER <sup>1</sup>

Any one whom business or pleasure has taken across Hungerford Bridge may have observed, on the right hand, as he reached the Lambeth side of the river, a curious tumbledown-looking counting-house, something between a travelling caravan and the city barge, elevated on some rickety piles, with a rusty balcony projecting from its river front, and without any visible means

<sup>1</sup> Only text relating to Dickens is here reprinted.

of access or egress, except down the chimney, or along a rotten row of spouts, barely fastened to its decaying woodwork. It is a dismal, melancholy place. The glass has been untouched for years, and is coated with dirt, although through it may be seen files of old dust-covered papers, hanging amidst festooned cobwebs and corroded inkstands, with stumps of pens still sticking in the holes. Everything tells of broken hearts and ruined fortunes; of homes made desolate by misplaced confidence, and long, long lawsuits, which outlived those who started them, and were left — with nothing else — to the poor and struggling heirs!

It was a miserable November evening; the passengers were glooming through the haze of the feeble lights, choked by the river fog, like dim spectres; and a melancholy drip fell, in measured plashings, from every penthouse and coping, as two figures slowly pursued their way towards this dreary place, through some of the old and tortuous streets that lie between the York Road and the river side.

The heroes (as the case may be) being thus introduced, the author can go ahead with his plot, if he has one.





PLATE NUMBER IX



## FROM WHOM WE HAVE GREAT EXPECTATIONS

In 1861 a very curious photographic portrait of Dickens flooded the shop windows in London. The head was carte-de-visite size, supported on a tiny little body out of all proportion, and producing a very bizarre effect. Below the picture was printed, "From whom we have Great Expectations," — an apt allusion to the novelist's story of that name. This portrait so greatly amused Dickens that he could not refrain from alluding to it in a letter to the Hon. Mrs. Richard Watson, dated Gad's Hill Place, July 8, 1861, in which he wrote: —

"I hope you may have seen a large-headed photograph with little legs, representing the undersigned, pen in hand, tapping his forehead to knock out an idea. It has sprung up so abundantly in all the shops that I am ashamed to go about town looking in at the picture-windows, which is my delight. It seems to me extraordinarily ludicrous, and much more like me than the grave portrait done in earnest. It made me laugh, when I first came upon it, until I shook in open sun-lighted Piccadilly."

Mrs. Watson, shortly before her decease, intimated to F. G. Kitton<sup>1</sup> her regret that she had never possessed a copy, and had only a faint recollection of ever having seen the portrait. Her surmise (which is probably correct) is that it was taken from one of his many likenesses, and the attitude added, for in this manner similar portraits of other celebrities were treated — that of Dickens being one of the series. Miss Dickens also told F. G. Kitton that her father was intensely amused by the humorous portrait, and considered it so extraordinarily like him, he took it down to Gad's Hill for her to see, admitting that "it really was good." Miss Dickens regretted that she destroyed it in a momentary fit of disgust. Mr. Charles Kent considered that it was in no sense a caricature, but a vivid and pleasing likeness, representing Dickens with one forefinger on his forehead, and a bright, merry, side look out of his eyes. The novelist once told him that it was his favourite among all the portraits of him ever produced.

F. G. Kitton, when he was gathering the data for his book, *Charles Dickens by Pen*

<sup>1</sup> In *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil*.



FROM WHOM WE HAVE  
GREAT EXPECTATIONS

PLATE NUMBER X



and Pencil, made great efforts to secure a copy of this photograph, even going so far as to advertise for it in some of the English newspapers, but without result, and in a footnote in his *Supplement to Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil*, he says:—

“Much to my regret, I am unable to give a copy of this now very scarce photograph. The original drawing was made by Mr. Charles Lyall for Mr. Herbert Watkins, who photographed it for publication. Mr. Watkins subsequently disposed of his business to Mr. Albert Young, and he at my suggestion, overhauled 35,000 negatives for the purpose of ascertaining whether the Dickens portrait was among them; but without success. It was probably destroyed with a number of others when, one night the shelf on which they were stored fell with a crash.”

In 1918, there was published by John Lane, the London publisher, a work by Thomas F. Plowman of Oxford, entitled *In the Days of Victoria*, which contained a half-tone reproduction of the long-looked for photograph and it is through the cour-



tesy of an English collector of Dickensiana,  
that a copy has now been secured for  
reproduction.



## TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND THE COMMITTEE OF CONCOCTION

One of the features of *Household Words* and *All the Year Round*, was its Christmas number each year. These appeared anonymously although it was known that various authors contributed chapters to each number. Dickens would plan the story as a whole, write the first and sometimes the second and last chapters, whilst other well-known writers were asked to contribute the remaining chapters on certain fixed lines.

Although at the time, the names of the writers of these were not revealed, they became known some years afterwards when the stories were re-published in complete form.

The picture here reproduced from *The Queen* newspaper, humorously portrays one of the meetings assumed to have been held, when the form the story should take was fully discussed. It is purely imaginary and speculative, of course, for neither G. A. Sala, nor John Hollingshead contributed to the story in question, and so were unlikely

to be present at "The Committee of Concoction."

The story comprised seven chapters. Dickens contributed Chapters I, VI and VII, which find their place in his collected writings. Chapter II was by Charles Alston Collins, Chapter III by Amelia B. Edwards, Chapter IV by Wilkie Collins and Chapter V by John Harwood.

In the picture the names, reading from left to right, are G. A. Sala, Wilkie Collins, Charles Dickens and John Hollingshead. Who the figure may be standing at the back with hair on end is not stated; possibly W. H. Wills, the assistant editor.

The accompanying account of the meeting appeared with the picture.

B. W. M.



PLATE NUMBER XI



## TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND

EXTRAORDINARY PROCEEDINGS IN  
WELLINGTON STREET

(From our own Reporter)

A humorously attended and highly influential meeting of Literary gentlemen was recently held at the office of *All The Year Round*, to arrange a plan for the Christmas number of that deservedly popular periodical. Among those present we observed Mr. Wills, Mr. Hollingshead, Mr. Moy Thomas, Mr. George Augustus Sala, Mr. Wilkie Collins, and other writers whose names are well known to the reading public.

Mr. Charles Dickens, having unanimously moved himself into the chair, remarked that the eyes of Europe were upon them. (A laugh). The eyes of America had something else to look out for — in fact, were black eyes. (Roars of Laughter). They knew very well what he meant. (Hilarity). The time had arrived of another Christmas number. (Prolonged cheering). The blessed Christmas-tide! It came, with rest and gladness on its brave old wings, to whisper

comfort to the sinking heart, and bid mortality itself look forward to a bright hereafter. (A silent pause). They knew very well what he meant. (Renewed hilarity). To come to the point (hear, hear!), he thought of a good many titles. Some of them would keep. (Signs of approval). There was *The Flight of the Ladybird in Seven Wings*. (Loud applause). For the present, however, he thought of "Tom Tiddler's Ground." (Cries of rapture). Yes, "Tom Tiddler's Ground." Think of their all picking up gold and silver! (Deafening cheers). He thought it a very good title, indeed. (A laugh). His desire was to pay a fair price (hear!), and to cast a sunbeam on the path of toil. (Great merriment). He did not think the gentlemen present exactly appreciated him. (Cries of "We do! We do!") Well, he could only say that he did not wish to make a comic speech, and that he considered their continual laughter a very poor compliment. (Sensation). His object — he repeated it — was to cast a sunbeam on the path of toil, this blessed Christmas-tide. (A tear). That tear did honor to Mr. Sala's heart. (Several gentlemen immediately shook



hands with Mr. Sala). "Tom Tiddler's Ground! Picking up Gold and Silver!" He left the matter in their hands. (Roars of approbation, amidst which Mr. Dickens twice resumed his seat).

Mr. G. A. Sala observed that he did not intend to be low. Far from it. He thought the idea a good one, and would readily assist in carrying it to a real and profitable end. (Cries of "No doubt"). He cared little for their jeers. The present meeting was in Wellington Street. Wellington Street was a noble thoroughfare — inferior perhaps to the Nevski Perspective at St. Petersburg, where the mild Moujik, as he quaffed his raki, and read the poems of Pouschkine, so excellently adapted by Prince Galitzin to the music of Shika — let him see — oh, yes — where the Winter Palm and the unlimited loo— (Signs of weariness). Very good. He would be the last man to detain an audience unnecessarily. If he were Socrates, Grattan, Mirabeau, Gavazzi, J. B. Gough, Quintas Hortentius, the late Mr. Burke, Jefferson, Coliqua, Dr. Jack, Captain Prosser, and Caius Plotius, all rolled into one — (marks of dissent) — very good again. If Mr.

Dickens wanted a paper he knew where to come for one. "Picking up Gold and Silver" was all nonsense; it would be heavy; it would be like the "Seven Tons of Gammon." (A chuckle). Let there be picking up of carrots and turnips, and he was their man. (Mr. Sala sat down in the middle of a cheer).

Mr. Wilkie Collins thought that the public were quite tired of descriptions of low life. He meant nothing personal to the previous speaker, who was a very admirable essayist and a very keen observer, but could Mr. Sala conceive a plot? Life was not confined to Covent Garden Market. There were terrible tragedies around them. People were being murdered at that instant. Their corpses were being cut up for investment in carpet bags. Yes, the dagger and the bow were ever at work. At the dead hour of night — it was already getting late — spectres were up and about. He should not much like to walk home by himself. He meant to stop in the office with Mr. Wills. He should be very sorry indeed to disturb the harmony of the meeting, but life and death were serious matters. Murder was no joke. No man knew how soon the fatal



blow might be struck — from behind a lamp post, or even in a cab. He thought London had never looked more dreary than it did tonight. Evil forms were prowling in the streets. It would not greatly surprise him if something horrible were to happen to one or other of the gentlemen present before the publication of the intended Christmas number. He hoped that he had not said a single word to damp their Yuletide joy. (Mr. Collins resumed his seat; a few groans and exclamations of terror escaped some of the gentlemen present, and then all was still).

Mr. Hollingshead said it was entirely a question of figures. What did they want? A Christmas number. Mr. Dickens knew the sort of thing the public demanded, and he also knew the sort of people who could supply it in a certain time. When was copy to be sent in? Because that was all about it. He looked at these matters from a purely business point of view, and so did everybody present. There was no difficulty in this affair. Say the word, and they would have the whole thing ship-shape by tomorrow before twelve o'clock. He was prepared to take it all himself, on contract.

(Cries of "Oh, oh!"). Don't let them deceive themselves. Everything was worth its price, and if it was not wanted in one market it could be carried to another. He was not going to take up their time or waste his own by making any more remarks than were necessary. This was a matter of calculation, as he said before. Let them get out their pencils and check him if he was wrong. A hundred thousand times twopence was twice a hundred thousand price; and then they would have to strike off from that the cost of — (Signs of dissatisfaction). He thought he had put his notions pretty clearly before them, and he had nothing more to say. It would be all right, they might depend on it.

Mr. Moy Thomas said he entirely concurred in the views which Holly had so well expressed. He hoped his inadvertent use of a familiar and, as it happened, a seasonable application, would not be misunderstood. Holly was his boyhood's friend. Holly, he was proud to say, remained the constant companion of his maturer years. He had the utmost affection and esteem for Holly, and would heartily join him in any reasonably profitable enterprise.

Mr. Wills reminded the chairman that one object — indeed the main, if not the only object of the meeting — had been hitherto lost sight of. True, his friend had mentioned the collective title under which seven stories by different authors were to look so much like one dramatic and homogeneous production as the public would be good enough to fancy. As he had fully expected, the announcement of that title had been received with an enthusiasm which might be understood to signify decided approval. But he took for granted that each contributor has his preconceived idea of a tale which would fit in somehow, whatever title his friend the chairman would in the most redundantly imaginative of moods, be likely to propose. Did any gentleman happen to have anything in his pocket?

Mr. Moy Thomas said he had eighteen and fourpence in silver, a crossed cheque for ten guineas, a bunch of keys, a pen-knife, a bright penny of the new bronze coinage, last week's *Athenaeum*, a street ballad which he had purchased with a view to possible material for copy, and he believed that was all.

Mr. Wills said this was not what he

meant. Was any gentleman prepared to—

Mr. Wilkie Collins drew a large roll of MS. from his pocket and said *he* was.

A contributor (Inaudibly) — I thought so.

Mr. Wilkie Collins (reading from the MS.), — “Susan Dustin’s Narrative. Which I were then in service at the All, and the below air my sentminks.”

Mr. Sala begged pardon for interrupting. — Was he to understand that this story emanated from a supposititious character as “low” — he repeated the word — as “low” in the social scale as a domestic drudge? Where, then, was all that refined apprehension of the genteel thing, in which Mr. Collins and Goldsmith’s bear-dancer were in a concatenation accordingly?

Mr. Wilkie Collins said he would not have Mr. Sala make too sure that this housemaid *was* a housemaid, after all; or at any rate that she was not a housemaid very much superior to her station. In fact, the sequel of her narrative would show that she had been to the same finishing academy with her master’s second wife and the mysterious lady whose habit of always wearing a dress of a particular colour — mauve, in this instance — gave a tone to the story. In

order to preserve truthfulness, he had made these three female characters talk very much alike; and it would be noticed that they were all equally strong in the matter of adverbs. He would resume, — “And the below air my sentminks. I am totally unacquainted with the purpose for which my testimony is desired, but I cannot divest myself of a presentiment that it will be necessary to avoid periphrasis. On the occasion of the unhappy dispute which deprived me of the attentions of the young man with whom I had long held affectionate communication, it was thought desirable by my friends that I should contribute something towards my own support, and I accordingly accepted a situation as under-housemaid in the establishment of Sir Wattleby Collars, an engagement which led in time to my being, in a humble capacity, concerned in the events which have recently affected the family. I pass over the minor details of my ordinary occupation as both tedious and inconsequent, and will speak of a visitor and friend of Sir Wattleby’s — Herr Froszhjkon. This gentleman exercised a very considerable influence over my master, from the time of his arrival until the

catastrophe which terminated his visit; and I may remark that his singular fascination, notwithstanding his gloomy countenance and attenuated figure, was scarcely to be withstood, even by Lady Collars herself. He was extremely partial to dumb animals, and I have frequently seen him sitting on the lawn in the fine spring mornings, amusing himself with three tame oysters which he kept in a sandwich box. These interesting little bivalves were, I believe, of a foreign species (my former admirer had happened, himself, to be fond of oysters, and hence I had learned some of their ways), and Herr Froszhjkon was remarkably tender with them, — so much so that when one of them caught cold he kept it wrapt in a banknote, and gave it a globule whenever it coughed. Lady Collars had more than once expressed, and I believe really felt, considerable repugnance for her husband's friend; but she was, nevertheless, drawn by him very readily to converse on the subject of murder and other barbarous crimes, which I have lately been induced to believe the foreign gentleman preferred to the usual habits of good society.

“The post had come in, one day, and



letters had been taken to Sir Wattleby's room. An hour afterwards Herr Froszhjkon passed through the hall while I was engaged in cleaning the steps. I could see that he was unusually excited, from the fact of his having taken off his hat and forgotten to remove the favourite hedgehog which he was in the habit of allowing to repose there.

"Another moment, and I heard him enter the library. I was still submitting the threshold to a whitening process, when a sudden altercation became audible, and the library door flying open, the foreign gentleman was violently precipitated over the pail.

"Go!" cried Sir Wattleby, adding a direction which I omit. The foreign gentleman, scarcely stopping a moment to rub his two shins, took a speedy departure, pelted with his hedgehog, his hat, and his three oysters, by Sir Wattleby. I never saw Herr Froszhjkon again alive.

"I saw him again, notwithstanding, and under circumstances which forbid my describing him as dead. I had been the first person of the household, as I supposed, to rise and set about the domestic work of the establishment. This was a week after the foreign gentleman's disappearance. It could

scarcely have been daylight, even in the open air, and the library was quite dark as I entered it with my broom. The ordinary kitchen candle which I carried wanted snuffing, and as I snuffed it, I snuffed it out. Feeling my way across the apartment to the large bay window, I threw open the folds of the heavy shutter, and admitted the dimly-struggling rays of early dawn.

“Having thrown open the shutter, I hurried to commence my morning’s duties. I had no sooner turned than I started back and uttered a slight scream. The foreign gentleman was seated at the library table. He seemed to have been sitting there all night. Sir Wattleby’s papers were scattered all about; the lamp had burned down; and, as it appeared, Herr Froszhjkon had sat some time in the darkness. He was very pale — much paler even than usual — and as he fixed his dark eyes on me, smiled an unearthly smile. I was frightened at his look and his manner, and begging pardon for having disturbed him, I left the room, intending to see whether any of my fellow-servants were up and about. Not one of them was up and about. Returning unwillingly to the library door, I found it open,



and looked in. Herr Froszhjkon was not at the table. I glanced through the chink of the open door. Herr Froszhjkon was not behind it. I entered. Herr Froszhjkon was not in the room. I advanced to the writing table. There was a letter, addressed 'To Sir Wattleby Collars, Bart., F. R. S., F. S. A., etc., etc., etc. Immediate.'

"As I looked at the letter a dark round spot fell upon it heavily, with a crisp, rattling sound, like a large drop of rain on a dead leaf. I touched it involuntarily with my fore-finger, and found that it was wet. Conceive my terror when, holding my hand up to the light, I saw the mark of blood.

"In the midst of my dismay — and I cannot tell how I had the courage to do this — I looked again at the letter as it lay on the table, and in another moment down dashed a second gory rain-drop on the first, spluttering the sickly splotch all over the white paper, and splashing upwards in my face. I raised my eyes and saw a dark stain of crimson in the centre of the ceiling, and I then knew that a fearful tragedy had been enacted above.

"Sir Wattleby had gone to London two days before the event I am now narrating,

and was expected to return that day. Lady Collars occupied the chamber immediately overhead. She slept alone. It was her blood, then, which had stained the letter; and which I now remembered with a chilly sensation, was on my face and hand. What should I do? Alarm the household? An admirable idea. I proceeded at once to act upon it.

“Lady Collars had been cruelly murdered in her sleep. The carving knife with which the deed had evidently been accomplished was one which I had been sent to sharpen carefully the previous day. It was of no avail, but the contrary, that I tried to remind a footman of his having told me that Sir Wattleby had abjurgated that very knife severely for being blunt. The man did not remember anything of the sort, he declared repeatedly.

“I then told the people round me, and the officers of police who had by this time been fetched, of my having seen Herr Froszhjkon in the library. Everything was against the credibility of this statement. How did Herr Froszhjkon get into the house? How did he get out of it? But a far more overwhelming contradiction of my

story occurred very soon. The body of Herr Froszhjkon himself, perforated in the pericardial region with a skewer, was found in a copse at the other side of the park, and the surgeons pronounced life to have been extinct at least twenty-four hours.

“I turned to look for the letter. I asked in agonized tones for the letter, as a corroboration of my evidence. No letter could be found, such as that which I described. It had vanished unaccountably — unaccountably at the time! But the foul plot has been discovered since, and to unravel its dark and intricate mazes will be the object of my continued narrative.” (Mr. Collins here folded up his MS. and returned it to his pocket. A shudder went twice around the room, and the gas was observed to burn rather blue).

Mr. Hollingshead supposed that all this might mean business, though it did not look like it. He had expected, on rising a second time, to be called to order, as he had already spoken. But the fact was, that the meeting was out of order altogether. He was not going to take up their time, because he knew the value of time himself. Time was money. If it could not be

profitably disposed of in one market, it was always worth its price in another. He regarded the matter which they were met to discuss entirely from a business point of view. He was a man of business himself, and they were all men of business. It was a question of figures. What was the story likely to be worth of which they had had a sample? He should be sorry to buy Herr Frowsy Co's oysters at a penny a lot. When his friend, the chairman, had suggested "Tom Tiddler's Ground" as a subject, he (Mr. Hollingshead) had supposed the great and wealthy city of London — of banking London — of Lombard Street, in fact — to be indicated. He knew a little about the currency and should be happy to tell what he knew in the form of a tale, if required.

Mr. Sala said he certainly thought that this was picking up neither gold nor silver. Picking up anything was a low action, and he strongly condemned anything that was low. The genteel thing was a genteel thing, after all, as Dr. Oliver Goldsmith had said; though he (Mr. Sala) considered it less respectable to admire Goldsmith than Johnson. And, while mentioning Johnson, he

did not consider it out of place to say that he had no great opinion of Voltaire. The two men might be very well compared in relation to the two thoroughfares with which they were associated. Voltaire was as narrow as Maiden Lane, Dr. Johnson was broad as Fleet Street — morally and mentally speaking, of course. He looked upon Fleet Street as the greatest thoroughfare in the world, with the solitary exception, perhaps, of the Nevski Perspective at St. Petersburg. It was true that, architecturally speaking, it has little pretensions. It could boast of no Acropolis, and could lay claim to no Alhambra. The Waithman obelisk was a poor substitute for that of Luxor; and St. Bride's Church, albeit a symmetrical and a hallowed edifice, was inferior alike to St. Peter's in magnitude of proportion, and to the Cathedral of Amiens in delicacy of detail. With Fleet Street, however, he had nothing to do. His present task was not an aesthetic diversion. He had to point out, deferentially and humbly, what in his poor judgment would be the right sort of thing for a Christmas number. He left to others the description of portico, peristyle, and pillar; of clerostory and

crypt; of *bassi rilievi* and *bassi profundo*; of terminal capitals and acanthic accessories. No such matters would be allowed to interfere with his consideration of the subject before them. He did not think, as he had said, that there would be much picking up of gold and silver on ground indicated by Mr. Collins. He did not think he should much care about undertaking the search with Mr. Hollingshead for a guide. There was gold enough and silver enough in Lombard Street, Heaven knew; and there let it lie, or be picked up and played pitch-and-toss with, by brokers and grubbers, on the "heads, I win — tails, you lose" principle. He was sick of the City, sick of its mercenary ways, sick of its Lord Mayor. He did not expect that dignitary to be a Solon, a Rhadamanthus, or a Draco; a Baron Bramwell, a Peter the Cruel, a Judge Jeffries, a Tristan l'Hermite, a Lord Mansfield, or a Cato the Censor. He was neither a podesta of Milan nor an alcaldo of Madrid, a Roman lieter nor a Turkish kadi. He carried no fasces and exercised no fascination. But he had the advantage of holding frequent communication with the Ruodu, the Ordinary of Newgate, the Clerk of the



Peace, the Sword-bearer, the Remembrancer, the Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, the City Solicitor, and the Prothonotary of the Poultry Comper. In case of urgent need he might consult the collector of Broker's Rents, the crier of the Old Bailey, the corn-shifter below bridge, the upper beadle of the Coal Market, the receiver of old materials, and the keeper of the Monument. How, then, was it that they always found this civic magnate setting himself against public opinion? "*Raco antecadentem non sequitur simillima cygno. Vides Soracte continget adire Corinthum!*" The hob-nailed victim of agricultural oppression on the bleak coast of Dorset or in the sunny valleys of Kildare; the cheerful contadino of the wild Abruzzi, and the athletic agueros of Guipascoa; the swarthy cavass of Cappadocian cities, and the inoffensive moujik who led a life of pastoral enjoyment within the shadow of the olive mountains of Tamboff — these in their virtues, these in their liability to human error, these in their aspirations after ideal excellence, these, he said, were better subjects for the imagination of the story-maker than the blind cohorts of a bullionic clique who opposed

the extension of the franchise. He did not agree with Mr. Hollingshead, therefore, that the "Tom Tiddler's Ground" of Mr. Dickens ought to be the "Tom Tiddler's Ground" of Baron Rothschild or of Lord Mayor Cubitt. He would remind him, with all respect for his ability, and with unfeigned admiration of the delightful essays penned by him — "Under Bow Bells" — that the old Hindoo superstition, recorded in the Vedas, Puranas, and Mahabaratas, which deemed that the universe rested on the back of a gigantic tortoise, did not justify an idea that human nature reposed upon a turtle.

Mr. Wills said he did not think the story begun by Mr. Collins would do.

Mr. Moy Thomas did not think it would do either.

The chairman said he would enter more fully into the plan which he had thought of when the title first occurred to him. He then proceeded to sketch the framework of the Christmas number of *All The Year Round*, which had just made its appearance. Everybody was charmed with the notion, and saw at once how he could help to work it out.



Mr. Hollingshead thought it a pity that so much time had been lost, but observed that the best thing now would be to make a night of it.

Mr. Moy Thomas said he should vote with any majority and stick to them. The sentiment was cordially echoed, and the meeting did not then break up.

*The Queen*, 21st December, 1861

PLATE NUMBER XII

*OUR PRIZE ESSAYS — CONCLUSION*

GREAT MEETING OF COMPETITORS —  
NATURE OF THE PRIZE—NAMING THE WINNER

Charles Dickens, second figure from the  
right

From *Fun* (London), 29th August, 1863





## OUR PRIZE ESSAYS — CONCLUSION

A general meeting of the gentlemen who have engaged in the competition for our Prize Essay was held last Saturday at the *Fun* office. The chair was taken by the Editor, who invited the gentlemen present to make any remarks that might occur to them, before he announced the nature of the prize and the name of the winner.

Mr. W. M. Th-ck-ry.<sup>1</sup> — Does it matter very much after all? Sure Alexander wept when he had conquered the whole world, and 'tis not certain that the boy was wrong. *Vanitas! Vanitas!* A man shall attain fame, position, wealth; and they shall pall on him. Yonder fool (pointing to Mr. M. F. T-pp-r<sup>2</sup>) is happier in his own conceit. Jenny and Jemmy Jessamy.

The Poet Cl-se.<sup>3</sup> — I rises to order, which I am werry anxious to know the name of him wot has won the prize.

Mr. T-h-m-s C-rl-le.<sup>4</sup> — O, my human brothers, featherless bipeds, forked radishes, or gorillas of the Dead Sea ten times removed, as by Darwinian hypothesis — hy-

<sup>1</sup> W. M. Thackeray.    <sup>2</sup> Martin Farquhar Tupper.

<sup>3</sup> Close.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Carlyle.

pothesis to me not altogether unbelievable, as at present advised — is there, then, no wisdom left in ye at all? *Ach Himmel!* And above Fleet Street this night, as over Babel, when they builded it, there will be glory of Moon and Planet, and Star-Dust-Cloud of Worlds, of Immensities; Abyss calls to abyss; and ye! My brothers, my brothers — with our Comic Literature, Railway Accidents, Adulterated Food Inquiries, and general wholesale forgetfulness of the Everlasting Veracities, it is not my opinion that we are in a good way of business just at the present hour. I will go away. (Goes away.)

Mr. D-n B-c-c-lt.<sup>1</sup> — Carry me out into the moonbeams!

Mr. G. A. S-la.<sup>2</sup> — Let us remember where we are assembled. Were this Sackville Street, Dublin, the Nevskoi Perspective at St. Petersburg, the Prado of Madrid, the Unter der Linden of Berlin, were this, I say, a street—

Mr. M. F. T-pp-r (seizing an opportunity to distinguish himself). — It is a street.

Mr. Ch-rl-s D-ck-ns. — Fog. So dense

<sup>1</sup> Dion Boucicault.

<sup>2</sup> George Augustus Sala.

that you could cut it with a knife — so dense.

Mr. Ch-rl-s R-de.<sup>1</sup> — My serial novel, the best work of a big man who knows his own bigness and who will not be dictated to by ANY editor whether; as, regards: punctuation or, spellin, is still in course of publication and I claim to be heard.

Mr. W-lk-e C-ll-ns. — The mystery which has long cast so deep and gloomy a shadow over this office may perchance be removed by a very simple narrative of facts. At exactly twenty-three minutes past eleven in the morning of the 29th of June 1862, a woman—

Mr. W. E. Gl-dst-ne.<sup>2</sup> — I will not detain the meeting more than three minutes, but there are three reasons which compel me to dissent from some of the statements made by the last three speakers. In the first place—

Mr. B-nj-m-n D-sr-li.<sup>3</sup> — It is easier to define a reason than to inaugurate a principle.

Mr. W. E. Gl-dst-ne. — It is easier still to have no principle at all; and no one

<sup>1</sup> Charles Reade.

<sup>2</sup> W. E. Gladstone.

<sup>3</sup> Benjamin Disraeli.

ought to be better acquainted with that fact than the right honourable member—

The Editor of *Fun* (*He, above the rest, in shape and gesture, proudly eminent, stood like a tower.* — Milton). — Gentlemen, this is not the House of Commons.

*Everybody present.* — Thank Goodness!

Sir A.B.C.D.E.B. L-tt-n B-lw-r B-lw-r L-tt-n, Bart., M.P.,<sup>1</sup> *Author of "Lucretia," and Ex-secretary of State for the Colonial Department, etc., etc., etc.* — In the Dawn of Ages the Fertile and the Ludicrous were one. If the useful and the good—

Mr. M. F. T-pp-r. — I say, Sir Edward, don't you think that when you are indulging in serious reflections, your style of composition becomes a great deal like mine? Timid, you know; for he that lifteth up the voice of platitude amidst the assembly of the young and gay is ever—

The Editor of *Fun*. — Has any other gentleman any remarks to make? (*Roars of laughter*). Because, if so, now is the time to do so (*yells of merriment, which made the welkin ring*). Eh? (*Ha! Ha! ha! from Mr. T-pp-r, who immediately afterward perceiving that no joke was intended, wept a good deal*).

<sup>1</sup> Sir Edward G. E. Lytton Bulwer-Lytton.



Mr. W. E. A-t-n.<sup>1</sup> — I would simply suggest that the prize ought to be given to a Scotsman.

Mr. J-m-s H-nn-y.<sup>2</sup> — *Ut Mars, Bacchus, Apollo, Vivorum.* Jolly old Caledonia!

Mr. Ch-rl-s L-v-r,<sup>3</sup> and F-th-r Pr-t.<sup>4</sup> — Or to an Irishman!

Mr. J-m-s H-nn-y. — *Nee sinit esse feros.* Jolly old Hibernia!

Mr. Th-m-s H-gh-s.<sup>5</sup> — Why not to a specimen of good, tough Saxon manhood?

Mr. J-m-s H-nn-y. — *Surgit amari aliquid.* Jolly old Britannia!

The Editor of *Fun.* — Gentlemen, the PRIZE is (*here there was such a burst of cheering that our reporter could not distinguish what was said*) and I am sure that you will most of you acknowledge that it could not be bestowed upon an abler writer, or a more accomplished gentleman than Mr. — (*the name was quite inaudible, owing to the acclamations with which it was received*). But, gentlemen, there is still work before us, work which will task our utmost energy. Henceforth all great literary achievements must depend upon the application of the

<sup>1</sup> W. E. Austin.    <sup>2</sup> James Hannay.    <sup>3</sup> Charles Lever

<sup>4</sup> Father Prout.    <sup>5</sup> Thomas Hughes.

principle of association. Gentlemen, we must be united. We must band ourselves together. You have all helped to make *Fun* what it is, but the *Fun* of the future will be Funnier than the Funniest *Fun* of the past. To help in this, I have started an association, of which I invite you to become members. Will you join —

*The London Joint-Stock Novel Company  
(Limited)?*

*Omnes.* — We will! We will!

The Editor of *Fun*. — Then, gentlemen, I summon another meeting for this day week, when you will each be allotted a chapter in our forthcoming romance (Sentimental, Philosophical, Cynical, and Magical), entitled —

*Philip Dombey, the Scalp-Hunter's Roundabout Secret Legacy. By Every Eminent Writer of the Day.*

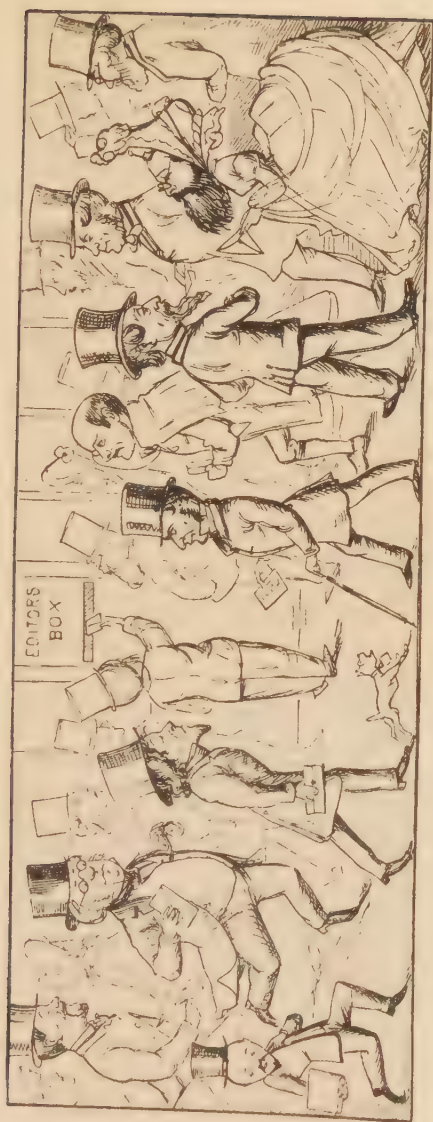
From *Fun* (London), 29th August, 1863

PLATE NUMBER XIII  
*THE LONDON JOINT-STOCK NOVEL*  
*COMPANY (LIMITED)*

Charles Dickens talking to Wilkie Collins  
(the latter in female costume)

From *Fun* (London), 5th September, 1863







## THE LONDON JOINT-STOCK NOVEL COMPANY (LIMITED)

The adjointed meeting of the promoters of this Company was held, pursuant to appointment, at the *Fun* office, on Saturday last. The scene was dazzling and gorgeous in the extreme. Gas was laid on, and sandwiches decked the directorial board. The chair (a very sweet one, of the Windsor pattern) having been taken by the Editor, he was about to open the proceedings when —

Mr. Thackeray asked him what was the use?

The Editor, however, after a brief but spirited reply, had commenced to lay the schemes of the Company before the meeting, when —

Mr. Anthony Trollope remarked that if what they wanted was a series of graphic sketches of clerical life, he should be very happy to contribute, but he really thought that the day for sensational romance had gone by.

Captain Mayne Reid said that he was of a different opinion. It seemed to him that men never tired of those distant prairies

where the *felis domesticus* (or common cat) listened to the wail.

The Poet Close said this here *was* very like a whale. Wot he wanted to know wos wether any chapters would be written in werse?

The Editor. — I really beg your pardon. In —?

The Poet Close. — In werse, sir, — as a man may say, in rhymes — like these here, for instance: —

Our hero next of youth and courage full  
Rescued his Angelina from the furious attack of a  
mad bull  
Which would otherwise have gored her, and cracked  
her skull.

The Editor having replied that nothing of the sort would be admitted into his columns, the Poet left the rooms immediately afterwards.

Mr. M. F. Tupper wanted to know whether the words of wisdom from the lips of age would fall flatly upon the public ear?

The Editor having answered that he rather thought they would —

Mr. Wilkie Collins wished to hear whether



the proposed novel would have a dead secret in it?

The Editor having answered in the affirmative —

Mr. Charles Reade wished to know whether he should be allowed to regulate his own punctuation? If not, he would fix a brand of everlasting ignominy upon the wretched man who thwarted him.

The Editor having promised to allow Mr. Reade to correct his own proof-sheets—

Sir E. L. B. L. B. Lytton wished to know whether he was expected to write in the style of “Pelham,” of “Ernest Maltravers,” or of the “Caxtons?”

The Editor having expressed his willingness to receive specimens of all three —

Mr. Charles Lever begged to inquire whether any part of the story would admit of descriptions of Irish life and of Irish society?

The Editor having replied that he thought it extremely probable —

Mr. Charles Dickens wished to know whether the Editor was really in earnest in his reply, as in that case he did not think he should contribute.

The Editor having breathed a tender vow

that he hoped Mr. Dickens would reconsider his decision —

Mr. John Hollingshead expressed a desire to be informed when copy would really be required.

The Editor having promised to give ample time —

Mr. Tom Taylor asked whether translations from a neighbouring — in fact, the Gallic — tongue would be permissible?

The Editor having pledged himself to think it over —

Mr. James Hannay inquired whether descriptions of naval life, with occasional references to the jolly old Mediterranean, would be desirable?

The Editor having said that he would see about it —

Sir Archibald Alison asked whether he would be allowed to write an historical introduction in thirty-seven volumes?

The Editor having scouted the proposal —

A Lady inquired whether there would be any bigamy?

The Editor having responded in the affirmative —

Mr. Thackeray again desired to know what it all mattered?

The Editor having answered that he did not know —

Mr. John Ruskin asked whether descriptions of the particular effect of sunlight upon the iridescent cataracts of Cadon could be appropriately introduced?

The Editor having promised to give the idea his best attention —

Mr. G. A. Sala wished to be informed whether allusions to Russian and other thoroughfares would be allowed?

The Editor having replied that a man of real ability might choose his own topics —

Mr. Dion Boucicault asked whether any of the characters would be ultimately carried out into the moonbeams?

The Editor having answered that he thought it extremely likely —

Mr. Arthur Sketchley inquired whether he would be permitted — as if not, he didn't hold with it — to allude to Mrs. Brown?

The Editor having consented —

Father Prout, so gaily, ere saying *vale*, would ask a question in simple tone: whether bards Hibernian, who sipped Fa-

lernian, might make allusion to Blarney Stone?

The Editor having given his full permission —

Mr. Harrison Ainsworth wanted to know whether a description of a ride to York (including a brief reference to the Tower of London) would be acceptable.

The Editor having said he was getting rather fatigued —

Mr. Thomas Hughes wanted to know why, in a meeting of Ancient Anglo-Saxon men like that, there was no beef — no bread — no beer.

The Editor having rung the bell for refreshments —

The office boy begged to ask what was wanted?

The Editor having said that champagne with its usual concomitants were wanted —

All the contributors smiled, and promised to stay.

No further business was transacted, beyond the usual vote of thanks to the Chairman.

Our office has since been absolutely besieged by eminent writers, all rushing in to deliver their copy. Further particulars

(plot, etc.) in our next, and in our next but one, with which we shall commence the fifth volume of our series (each series to consist of a hundred volumes), then will appear the first instalment (illustrated) of—*Philip Dombey, the Scalp-Hunter's Round-about Secret Legacy. By Every Eminent Writer of the Day.*

Captain Mayne Reid has kindly insisted upon writing the first chapter.

From *Fun* (London), 5th September, 1863

## OUR MUTUAL FRIEND

OUR NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY —

NO. 2, CHARLES DICKENS

LITTLE ADDRESSES TO BIG NAMES

Poet in Prose,  
How many a heart hath shaken off awhile  
Its weight of woes!  
How many a selfish sigh and sorrow,  
Diverted from our own distress,  
Hath pow'r been given *thee* to borrow  
By very force of gentleness!

Sam Weller, Pecksniff, Quilp, and Richard Swiveller  
Are all before us where to choose a favourite.  
Sweet Nelly, and that grand-paternal driveller,  
Whose folly has a tender touch to flavour it.  
Uriah Heep, the sentimental sniveller,  
Whose name required a sea of scents to savour  
it; —

The dental Carker too, our soul's abhorrence —  
Dear Captain Cuttle, Paul, and Little Florence.

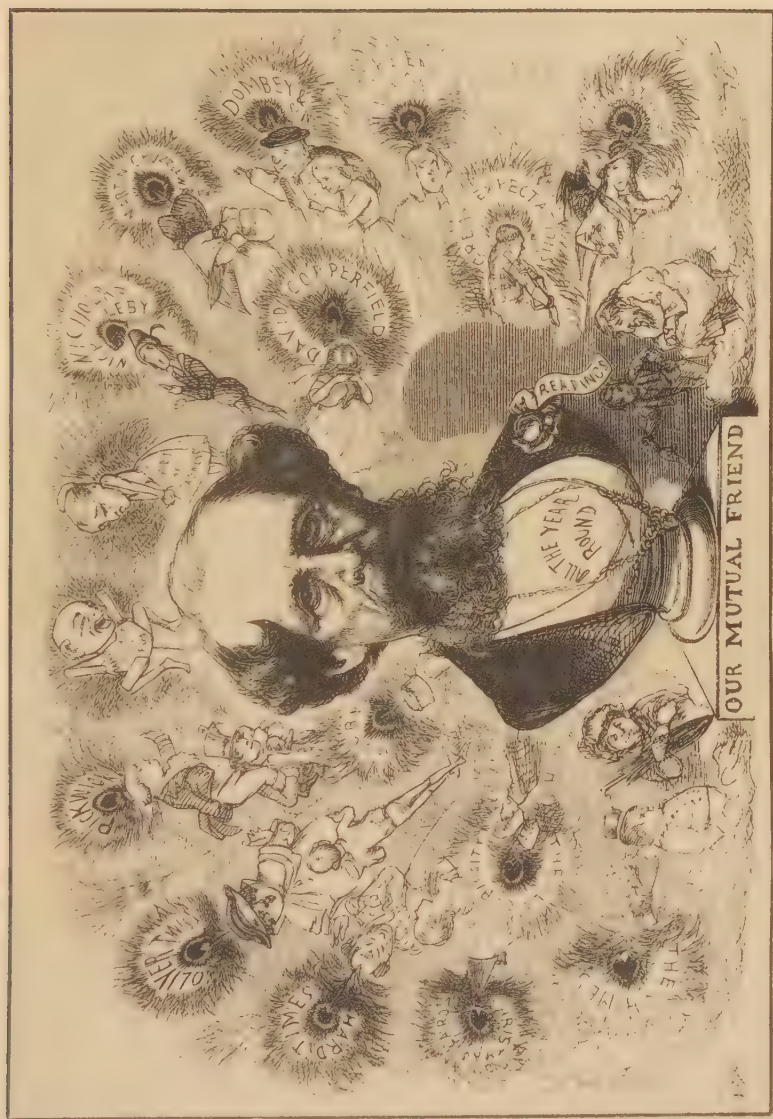


PLATE NUMBER XIV





Yes, well may one excuse us,  
With such a stock-in-trade upon our shelves,  
For laughing or for crying as you choose us,  
And quite forgetting all about ourselves.  
We picture, as we wander  
On sunny days about the Temple Garden,  
John Chester smiling at a window yonder,  
And then we dream of Hugh and Dolly Varden.

Who could think of stopping single  
For a moment of his life,  
After knowing Peerybingle  
And his darling of a wife?  
Who can watch the coming coldly  
Of the merry Christmas times,  
That has followed Trotty boldly  
To the belfry and the chimes?

We will not blame you if your pen is idle,  
Or goes to sleep on such a reputation;  
The fault is Time's, if Time has put a bridle  
Upon your fancy and imagination.  
We leave it for the critics to complain,  
And say your early were the greater ones;  
But as you cannot give us *those* again,  
We wish to see the latest of your later ones.

From *Fun* (London), 17th August, 1867

## PLATE NUMBER XV

### *AU REVOIR!*

ON the occasion of Charles Dickens's departure from England on his second visit to America, this cartoon representing John Bull bidding him farewell, appeared in the London paper *Judy* on the 30th of October 1867, together with the following poem. —

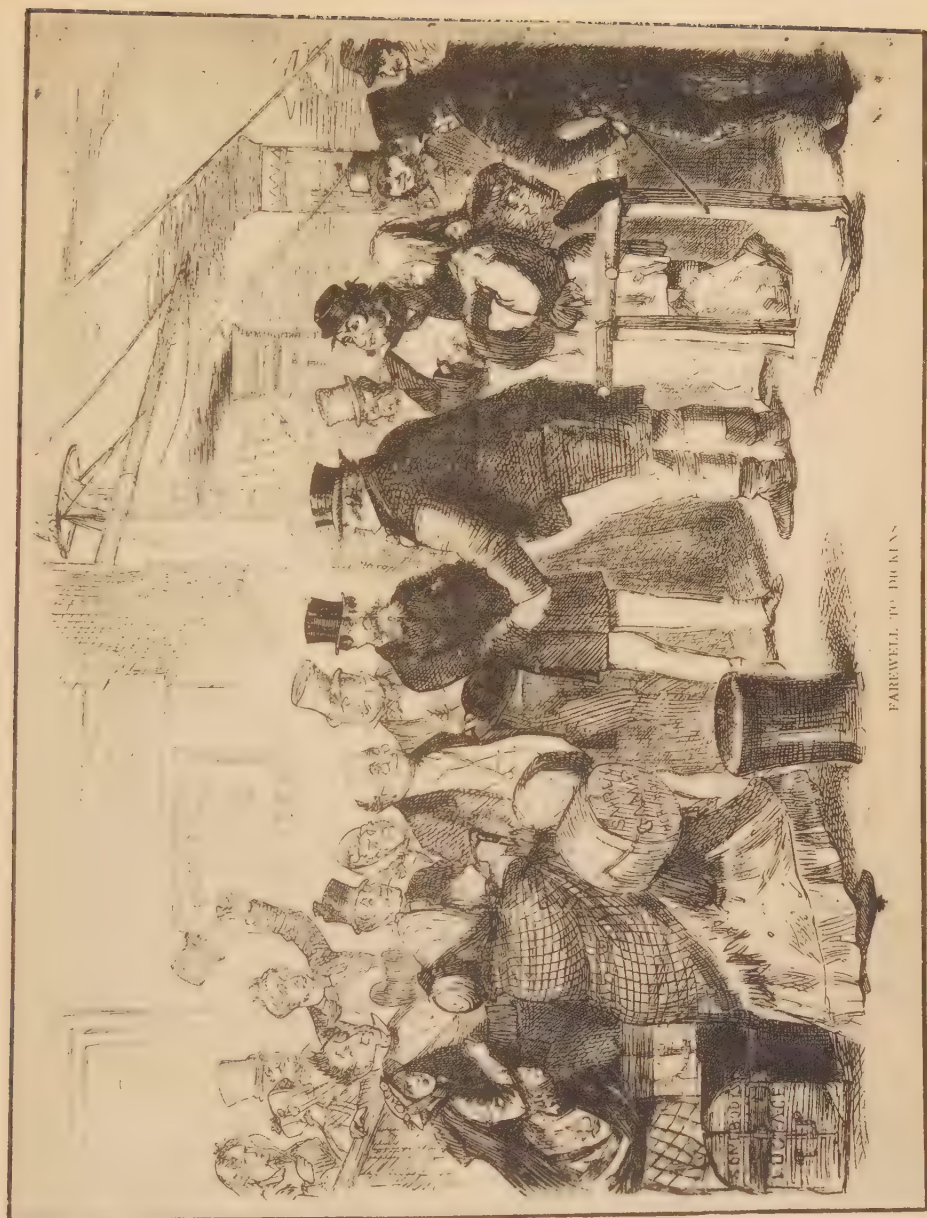
B. W. M.

'Twas not without a serious thought  
We saw depart, across the deep,  
The man who has so nobly taught  
His fellows how to laugh and weep.

'Twas not without a touch of pride  
We sent, to greet our Yankee brother,  
The man whose lessons, far and wide,  
Instruct all men to love each other.

'Twas not without an anxious hope  
To see him safely back once more  
We saw the severing of the rope  
That held his vessel to our shore.

'Twas not without a glistening eye,  
A trembling of her shapely paw,  
That JUDY at the last "good-by"  
Exclaimed "CHARLES DICKENS, AU REVOIR!"



FAREWELL TO DICKINS



## AU REVOIR, CHARLES DICKENS

The farewell blessings which have been bestowed on Charles Dickens on his departure from England have been only less warm and affectionate than our greetings of welcome on this side of the water. Almost all the English papers have had a kind word at parting, and have wished him "God-speed" and a pleasant voyage. "Mr. Charles Dickens," says the *London Review*, sketching the man in an apropos biography, "now sailing on the seas which divide America from England, with the avowed purpose of 'laying down a third cable' between the old mother land and the vigorous race which has sprung from her, — but ere this time often to be seen walking the Strand, or more vigorously that Kentish road which leads to Rochester, — is a small, compact, well-built man, with a remarkable face; handsome, intellectual, and lined with thought, surmounted with hair once richly abundant, but now thin and wiry, and surrounded with beard and moustache which tell of hard work and much outdoor progress in all sorts of weather. That man is the best known of all English

authors; is a power in England, in America, and in Europe; has been able to mould the thoughts of thousands of his countrymen; and has by successive and fortunate endeavor won a name with his countrymen nearly as much known as that of Shakespeare."

Among the best things said and done, however, is to be found in the new London comic, *Judy*. It consists of a full-page cartoon, in which Mr. Dickens is represented as about to embark, and the characters which he has created have gathered about him to say farewell. We reproduce this cartoon, as of especial interest at this moment. Mr. Dickens is seen shaking hands with John Bull. Near him on his right Mr. Pickwick is advancing, while Mr. Micawber stands nearby ready prepared with a high-sounding eulogium on his creator. Sairey Gamp is evidently determined to come with him, while Captain Cuttle looks solemn, and Barnaby Rudge grows more than usually melancholy over the prospect of parting.

From Harper's *Weekly*, 14th December, 1867



## COSTER CHARLEY

a la Chicago

“Charles Dickens owes much of his fame to the exposure of an American real estate boom on the lower Ohio river. We can never be too thankful to Mr. Dickens for the remarks that he wrote to the papers about the character of ‘Eden.’ Although they did not operate to stop softies from going into the country, they have nevertheless done something toward keeping ‘The Talent’ in the towns where the saloons are always open and where one can touch a friend for ‘five’ on an occasion of stress. We do not know what would happen to a man eleven miles from a neighbor who is suddenly overcome with a desire to make a touch, or take a concluding one with the ‘house.’ It is certain as anything that Charles Dickens’s exposure of farming had a great deal to do with building up Chicago. And what a wonderful city it is! How proud Charley would be if he could see Chicago today, with her twelve hundred policemen and her brilliantly accoutered patrol wagons! It needed a man like Dickens, with all the boldness to tell the

truth, to stop this country from becoming purely agricultural without a criminal class to give enjoyment to the judges, or a 'statoo' in a public park. Dickens was one part English and the other human being. Occasionally he broke away from England and put down some things that everybody takes an interest in. His books are considered very clever, but to our notion they are far too long. Anthony Hope would have written a good many stories out of the material that Dickens threw away on one, and Rider Haggard would absolutely have cried at Dickens's wanton manner of tossing off plots. Some of the best things that Dickens wrote are as follows: (Here a full list of his works). The worst thing we know about Dickens is that his son came over here to read from his father's works without first having looked up the big words."

[ Source unknown. ]



PLATE NUMBER XVI



## DICKENS AND HIS AMERICAN FRIENDS

It has been apparent from his first (or rather his second) encounter with the custom-house officials, and the several gentlemen who sailed to meet him in Boston Harbor, that Mr. Dickens is to find no diminution in the number, and we fear little change in the humor, of his friends in America. They have already appeared equally as numerous and as violently demonstrative as they were twenty-five years ago; and they promptly began the siege of his quarters as soon as he was safely ensconced therein. But Mr. Dickens, if we are to believe the telegrams from the "Hub," is wiser in this age and generation than he was in the previous one, and does not intend to be at once bored out of humor, and deceived as to the American character by that class indigenous to every soil, and to be found in every society which thrusts itself unasked and uncalled on every distinguished individual who visits us, be he Lord, Snob, or Genius. To the multitude who endeavored to invade, in platoons, his quarters at the Parker House, Boston, it is

reported that he wisely answered, "Not at home."

Any one can imagine, as our artist has, the style of the "American friends" who endeavored to thrust themselves upon Mr. Dickens. They are doubtless the identical representatives of the identical classes whom he encountered on his first visit, and whom he has described, not in the *American Notes* at which we so foolishly grumble, but in that broader satire on our peculiarities, *Martin Chuzzlewit*. Of course his first visitor was the pre-eminently American news-boy with the identical Sewer, full of the same slang and abuse with which he was greeted on his first advent. Papers of that style, Colonel Divers to edit them and Jefferson Bricks to report for them, are no more likely to die out than are the race of news-boys; and many such have ere this heard "Mark Tapley" or Mr. Dolby answer through the keyhole, "Not at home." The country can still muster any number of the youthful Pograms of the South, equally economical of soap and extravagant of hair, who will ruminate as seriously over their tobacco-plugs as did their great original, and who, in lieu of having slavery and other



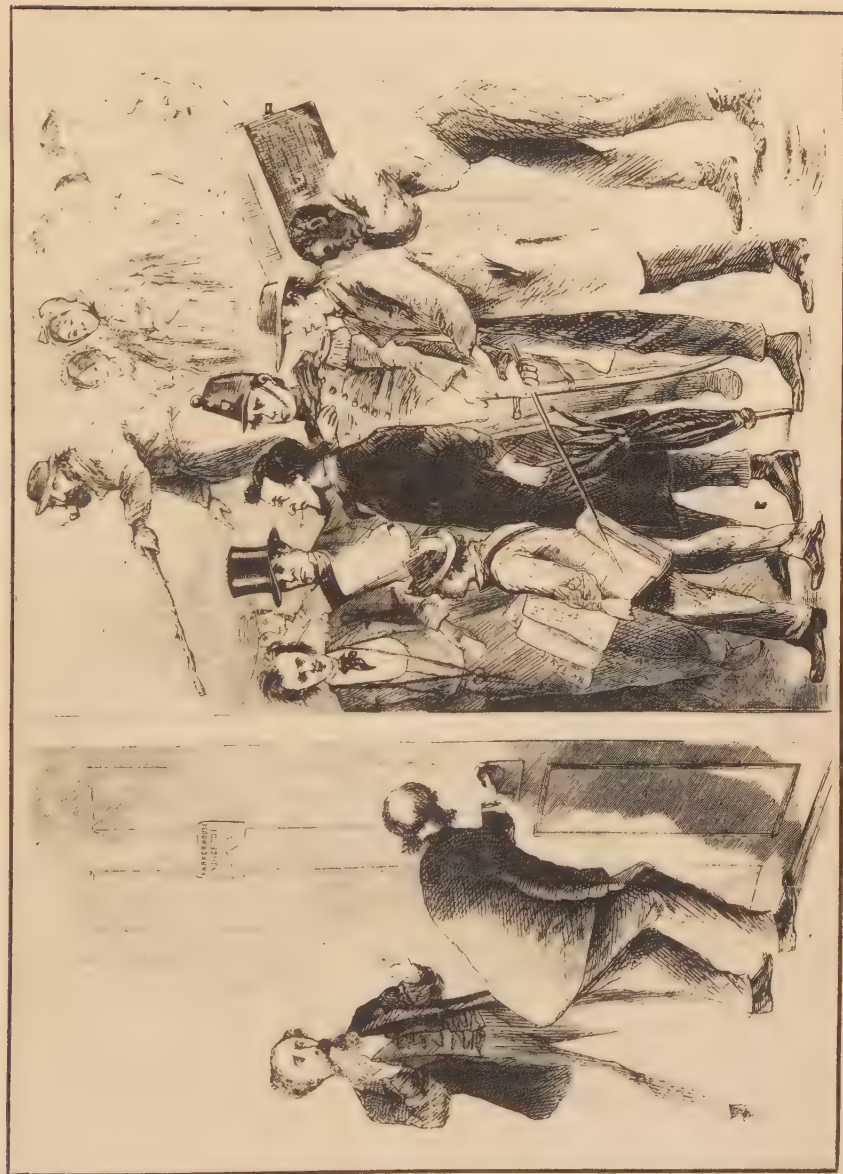


PLATE NUMBER XVII





“institootions” to talk about will, if permitted, tell this “morbidity British hater of the institootions of our country” all about “the oppressions of the Chivalry,” and renew their allusions to “Repudiation.” The “Jineral Fladdocks” are multiplied by dozens, and Mr. Dickens will hardly be able to turn a corner of the street without encountering one, looking as important “as if the city were in a state of siege, and no other general to be got for love or money.” The “Edens” and the “Mr. Scadders” and “Chollops” are no longer to be found along the Mississippi; Mr. Dickens will have to make a visit towards the western end of the Pacific Railroad to encounter the genuine Scadders and Chollops; but the “man and the brother” can be seen in his old abiding-place, though under very changed circumstances from those under which he first encountered him. He need journey no farther than New York to find “Major Pawkins” in all his glory and importance, regulating ward elections and imagining himself a Bismarck, controlling the destinies of the nation. He will find “mothers of the modern Gracchi” and LL’s in any quantity in all parts of the country, including Boston;

and in short, if he is to keep open house, it will go hard if his old friends whom he immortalized in *Chuzzlewit* are not among the first to turn up.

But it appears Mr. Dickens intends this time to study American character at his leisure and not by wholesale. He is to choose his acquaintances. We are heartily glad of it; we trust that Colonel Diver, Mr. Brick, Mrs. Hominy, and Mr. Pogram will keep, or be kept, in the background; and we may hope that Mr. Dickens's new *American Notes* and novels, in which he is to paint the changes of the past quarter of a century, will contain fewer uncomfortable facts and more agreeable characters than did his former ones.

From *Harper's Weekly* (New York), 21st December, 1867

PLATE NUMBER XVIII

A MAN AND A BROTHER

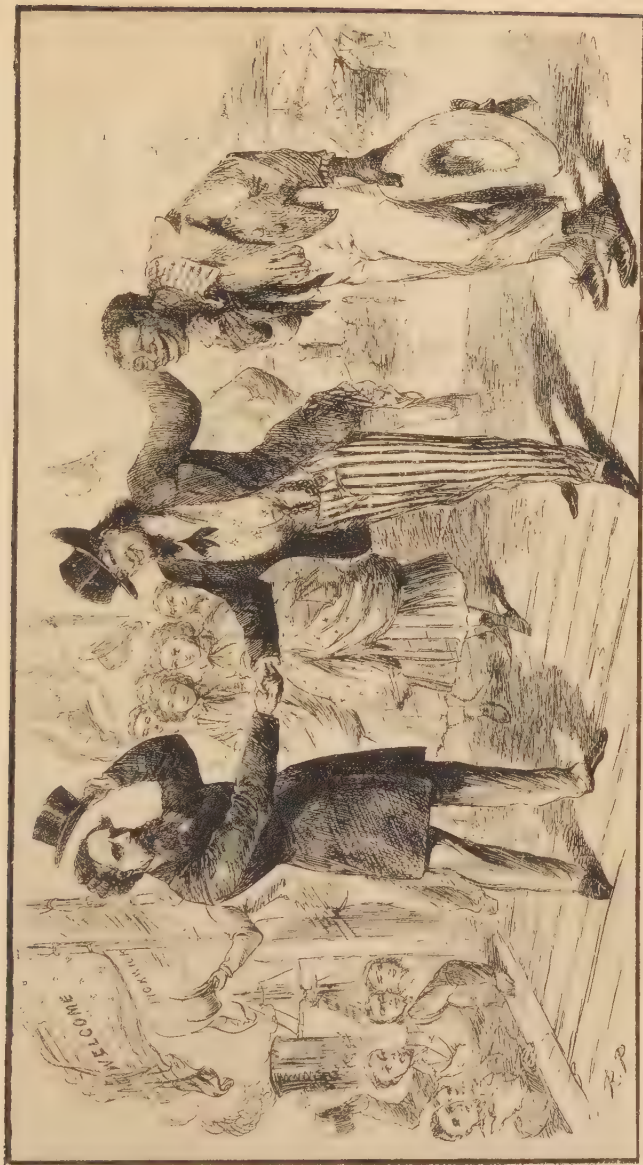
UNCLE SAM — “Wal, Charley, I guess you’re welcome; let me introduce to you our new brother from down South — the most remarkable man in the country.”

From *Banter*, 21st December, 1867

These are the only words which accompany the cartoon. *Banter* was an illustrated paper published in London and conducted by George Augustus Sala.

B. W. M.









## DICKENS AS A PEDESTRIAN

It has been whispered during the past month that a twelve mile walking match would come off during Mr. Dickens's present visit to Boston, between an English friend of his and a well known Bostonian. No one could tell precisely the day, and it was kept very quiet till last Saturday morning, when rumor got wind that sometime during the day it would come off. The great novelist, as is well known, is a superb pedestrian, being good for thirty miles "on end" any day. He has frequently during his visit to America taken very long walks with his friend, Mr. J. T. Fields, and the two, we understand, accomplished several pedestrian feats together in England. There is no healthier exercise than walking and it was resolved that a pedestrian twelve mile contest should be tried on the mill-dam road towards Newton, in which Mr. Dolby and Mr. Osgood should be the principals, and Mr. Dickens and Mr. Fields should be the umpires, the two latter gentlemen also to walk the whole twelve miles with their respective men. The articles, we under-

stand, were drawn up by the great author and subscribed by all four of the gentlemen. Whoever had happened to be passing over the mill-dam on Saturday last about twelve o'clock would have met walking over the ground at a tremendous pace the four pedestrians, costumed for the exercise and the blustering state of the weather. We have no particulars of the walk out and in, but we learn that the first six miles were accomplished in one hour and twenty-three minutes, and the return six miles were finished by Mr. Osgood in one hour and twenty-five minutes, he winning the match by exactly seven minutes. The distance walked over we should judge to exceed twelve miles, and it was pretty tall pedestrianism to accomplish the whole in two hours and forty-eight minutes. Both men, accompanied by the umpires walked the whole distance.

Mr. Dickens gave an elegant dinner at the Parker House the same evening to signalize the occasion, at which were present, we understand, some of the leading literary men of our city and vicinity. Several ladies graced the festival. Walking is a manly and healthy exercise, and we hope this event



PLATE NUMBER XIX



will do good and send more people over our beautiful roads on their own legs.

From *The Boston Daily Advertiser*, 3d March, 1868

THE BRITISH LION IN AMERICA  
AND  
CHARLES DICKENS AND THE  
HONEST LITTLE BOY

These two caricatures (Nos. XX and XXI) appeared in *The Daily Joker* and *The Evening Telegraph* respectively, both of New York. The artists evidently had before them the well-known photograph by Gurney, showing Dickens in his dressing gown standing by a table, for they are obviously extravagant exaggerations of that picture.

F. G. Kitton, commenting on the persistence of the caricaturist in making Dickens adopt the so-called cockney treatment of the letter "h," said, "Dickens no doubt enjoyed all this good-natured raillery, well knowing it to be a natural consequence of popularity. Such pleasantries are not nec-

essarily the outcome of personal spite, but are more frequently induced by that harmless spirit of fun to which all celebrities, in every age and country, have been more or less subjected."

The second of the two caricatures, it will be observed, was by Thomas Nast, the artist who illustrated an American edition of *The Pickwick Papers* and other stories by Dickens; and the other is probably from the same pen.

B. W. M.





PLATE NUMBER XX





PLATE NUMBER XXI

CHARLES DICKENS  
AND THE HONEST LITTLE BOY

By Thomas Nast

“Hello, Mister; look-a-here,  
you’ve dropped suthin’”

*The Evening Telegram* (New York), 1868







PLATES XXII — XXVI

*CHARLES DICKENS IN AMERICA*

1867-1868

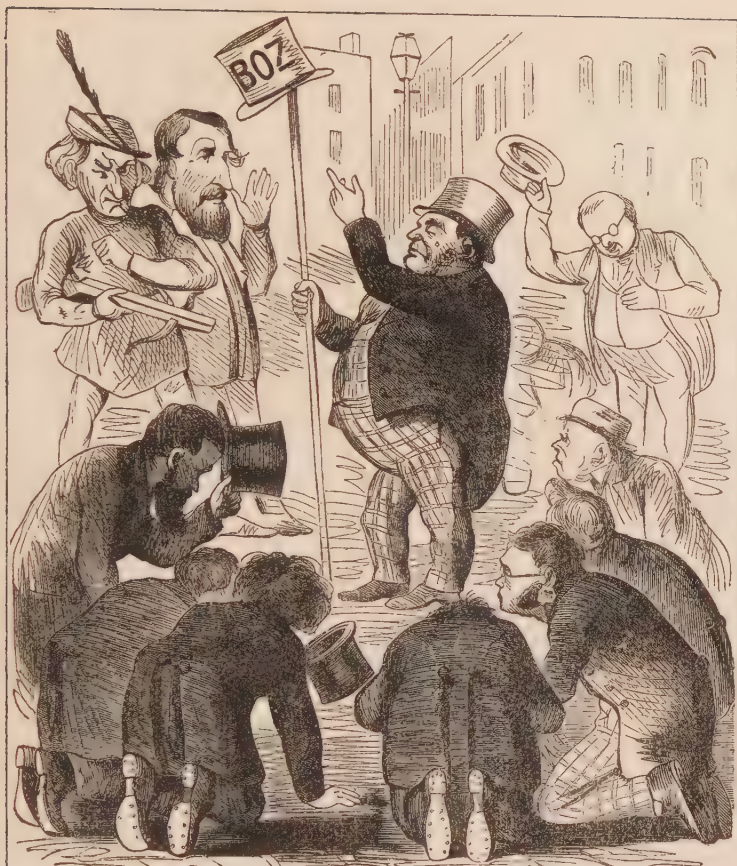
DURING Dickens's reading tour in the United States in 1867-1868, many of the comic periodicals naturally seized the opportunity of making him the butt for their banter and humour. Skits and caricatures appeared in many journals, in which he and his manager George Dolby prominently figured.

The five specimens which are reproduced here (Plates XXII-XXVI) are fair samples of the nature of the wit and satire displayed. Mr. Wilkins was unable to trace the names of the papers in which they appeared, and unfortunately my own collection furnishes no further information than that they appeared in American papers.

The one entitled "Dickens's Farewell to Hamerica" is accompanied by a set of verses, but no indication of its source is given.

B. W. M.





### **‘IMPROVED’ READINGS IN AMERICA.**

RUDOLPH (DOLBY), his agent, commands, in advance, the American public to do reverence to Geisler's [Boz's] hat, previous to its being passed around to collect their cash. The Flunkeys obey. William Tell — Bennett — and others resist.

PLATE NUMBER XXII

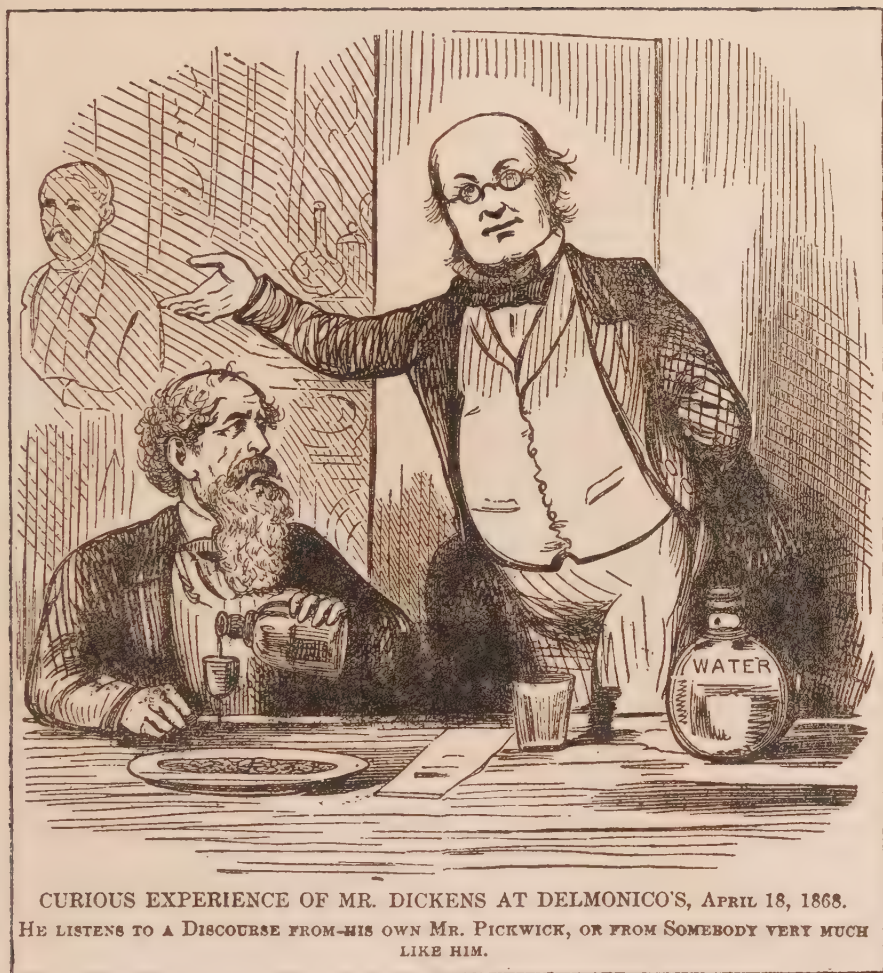




**CHARLES [John Huffman] DICKENS'**

The great Novelist appears in various characters, all, however, showing the same prolific "head" — Dickens, alias Pickwick, alias Copperfield, alias Sam Weller, &c., &c.

PLATE NUMBER XXIII



CURIOUS EXPERIENCE OF MR. DICKENS AT DELMONICO'S, APRIL 18, 1868.  
HE LISTENS TO A DISCOURSE FROM-HIS OWN MR. PICKWICK, OR FROM SOMEBODY VERY MUCH  
LIKE HIM.

PLATE NUMBER XXIV



DOLBY.—“ Well, Mr. Dickens, on the eve of our departure, I present you with \$300,000, the result of your Lectures in America.”  
DICKENS.—“ What! only \$300,000? Is that all I have made out of these penur-ous Yankees, after all my abuse of them? Pshaw! Let us go, Dolby!”

PLATE NUMBER XXV



PLATE NUMBER XXVI  
DICKENS'S FAREWELL TO HAMERICA





## DICKENS'S FAREWELL TO HAMERICA!

Farewell Columbia! Land of ears,  
Long purses, greenbacks and few gold;  
When late I hailed you, I confess to fears  
That you remembered stories I had told  
When twenty years ago I saw you first  
And looked upon you all a race accurst.

Farewell Columbia! Land of soft delight;  
Your shores will soon be lost unto my sight,  
But I will carry to my latest day  
The sweet assurance of how well you pay.  
Forgiving land, my heart will fondly clasp  
Around your purse-strings while one throp can gasp.  
Land of the Free! — the free to pay;

Free to shed tears, to shout and fawn;  
The free to scatter plaudits on my way;  
To dub me equal to the Avon swan.  
I hail you from the bottom of my purse,  
And beg your pardon for my former curse.

Farewell, great editors of daily sheets —  
Once you were "BRICKS" on whom I poured  
my wrath,  
Vile as the slimy pavement of your streets;  
But now full roses blooming round my path.  
Your pens are blunted, writing in my praise,  
With not one scratch for "write of other days."

Farewell, great audiences, whom Dolby sold,  
I ne'er will look upon your like again;  
To hear my trumpet you paid well in gold —  
The *Field* was mine, I part with it in pain;  
I hug remembrance of your spell-bound ears,  
And wet my handkerchief with paid-for tears.

Farewell — a last farewell — great dinner-givers;  
Indeed you gave me all, you could no more;  
Yourselves the geese that furnished up the livers,  
'Twas all I left you of your former store.  
I plucked your feathers, but you kept your skin,  
Your meat was served up on the best of "tin."

Farewell, but when I see the British coast,  
My soul will turn in loving looks to thee;  
If not too sea-sick, I will drink a toast  
To that great land which is dear to me.  
Have I been dear to it? Perhaps I have,  
'Twas Dolby's fault, who taught me how to shave.

Delicious memories flit round my soul,  
Mixed with percentage, lost by changing "greens;"  
But let me drown my sorrows in the bowl,  
And quaff a stiff one to old pork and beans —  
Baked fish balls, liquor laws and nigger,  
That dear, big organ, too the thimble-rigger,  
Which plays so deftly, Dixie, or Doxology,  
Or any other kind of fifty cent theology.



Holmes of the free, farewell; your FIELDS are  
green,

Though winter winds may howl around you  
thrilling,

I well shall know that where my steps have been,

You yet will try to pick up some stray shilling;  
Keep it when found, and wear it near your breast;  
And oh, forgive me that I took the rest!

But ere I bid my last, yes last adieu,

Dear JAMES draw nigh, I'll whisper in your ear,—  
Are we well placed within the public view?

See if this perspiration has the shape of tear.

All right, lift up your arms, pitch forward if you  
can.

Put that old beard of yours near to my nose, —  
Red, like my books. Steady, my man,

I kiss you thus and thus; who knows  
But this dramatic ending of my travel  
May lift you brick-wise from the common gravel.  
You've been the best of publishers, God Bless you!  
I'll write no more, but all my old editions  
You'll print again, bound up in gold and blue,

And if you fail with copyright petitions,  
(Don't wince, my lad), just put on double prices,

And though cute APPLETON may undersell,  
I have full confidence in your devices.

Just tell your readers of our last farewell,  
Pile on the agony, dissect our tears,

Have them in photograph, and for our kissing.  
Wreathe them in tulips, round your length of ears,  
And see if you'll be among the missing.

Now go, I've made my money, you a friend  
Who'll love his JIMMY to his latter end.

I hate to part, I loved you best to meet,  
But mark the last note of expiring cash  
Bids you begone. Dolby looks sweet.  
Then leave in time before he makes a dash.  
He has a habit first to smile, then grab —  
A human agent made up of soft crab.  
Now take this goblet brimming — not with wine;  
I give it freely, though it is not mine;  
But still my lips have pressed its hallowed rim;  
Like me, its inside now is dry and dim,  
Farewell, land of the Free! Farewell once more,  
Beloved *fawns*: your Lion leaves your shore!

## NO THOROUGHFARE

The story of *No Thoroughfare* written in collaboration by Charles Dickens and Wilkie Collins comprised the Christmas number of *All The Year Round* for 1867.

It was transformed into a play in five acts and a prologue, and was first performed at the New Royal Adelphi Theatre on the 26th of December 1867. The cast included Charles Fechter (for whom the play was originally planned), Mr. and Mrs. Billington, Mrs. Alfred Mellon, George Belmore, Benjamin Webster, Miss Carlotta Leclercq and others.

It was a great success, running for one hundred and fifty nights, and was then transferred to the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch.

*The Mask* for February 1868, contained a parody of the whole play in eight acts, three of which are here reprinted. There was also a page of illustrations by H. Harral, one of which is reproduced here showing Dickens in the act of stabbing Walter Wilding with his pen, as described in Act III.

B. W. M.





PLATE NUMBER XXVII



## “NO THOROUGHFARE”

### ACT I — UNDER THE PUMP

“Oh my! oh dear!” said Walter Wilding, as he sat under the pump in Cripple Corner, while his legal adviser, Mr. Bintrey, vigorously pumped upon his head. — “I am a respectable wine merchant, and I have got a singing in my head, for which I take legal advice in the shape of pump water, administered externally, at the rate of six-and-eightpence a gallon. I was originally in the Foundling Hospital, that lucky bag of infants, and was pointed out one day to my late dear mother by a nurse in that establishment. My late dear mother, when she died, left me all her property in the wine trade, a comic cellarman named Joey Ladle, and a mysterious cellar, with blood-coloured fungi hanging from the roof. Oh my! oh dear! I want a family. I want everybody to be my family! Mr. Bintrey, you shall be my family, and Joey Ladle, and the clerks, and the policeman on the beat, shall all be my family, and we will all have dinner together every day, and then sing comic songs by Handel and Paddy Green. There goes the singing in my head



again! Let me see, what is it singing now?—

My dear boys, my dear boys,  
He's a pal o' mine, he's a pal o' mine!

Yes, that's it, you are all pals of mine. I feel better, Mr. Bintrey, thank you. I feel my complexion is less pink and white, and my shirt front less starchy. I am sure there is no cure for singing in the head equal to being made wet through under a pump. Will you let me know what I owe you, Mr. Bintrey?"

This to the lawyer, while the wine merchant was wringing the pump water out of the tails of his coat. Mr. Bintrey rushed into the counting-house, drank off a sample bottle of '45 port he found on the mantle-piece, and made out his bill. It was as follows:—

W. WILDING, *Esq.*

To Mr. BINTREY.

£. s. d.

Attending you, advising you as to the extension of your family and the institution of a Comic Song Club, and attending you to the pump, . . . . .	0	13	4
To pumping six gallons of water over you at 6s.8d. per gallon, . . . . .	2	0	0
Term fee, . . . . .	0	13	0
	<hr/>		
	£3	6	4

"Come tomorrow, Mr. Bintrey," said the merchant, as he paid the lawyer, "for I feel a presentiment that a stirring incident is about to take place in the next act."

## ACT II — THE BELL RINGS

The next morning Walter Wilding sat in his dining-room sneezing. He had an awful cold. He had advertised for a housekeeper. Six hundred had responded to the advertisement, and were now outside waiting to be engaged. The constant ringing of the bell, and the impatient rattle of the six hundred umbrellas, was music to the merchant's ears. He began to think that he was already a family man. On the table before him were thirty-six photographs of his late dear mother. A woman entered — a tall bony woman, with corkscrew curls, a peaky nose, and a poky bonnet.

"I've come for the place," said the woman sharply.

The merchant started; there was something in the woman's voice which made him think of water-gruel, pickled gherkins, and snuff.

He was affected accordingly. What was her name?

"They calls me Sally," said the woman, "seeing as how I married Goldstraw; but my maiden name was Betsy, well known as Prig — Betsy Prig, at your service, sir. My references is Mrs. Gamp, of Kingsgate Street, Holborn, and that dear respected woman, Mrs. Harris."

As she said this, the eye of Mrs. Goldstraw fell upon the photographs on the table. It instantly became riveted.

"These are the photographic portraits of my late dear mother," said the merchant, weeping, "taken by the Stereoscopic Company at different periods of her life."

The reply was startling. "Your mother!" said Mrs. Goldstraw, striking the table with her umbrella. "Rubbish! No more your mother than my mother."

"Not my mother!" cried the merchant. "Then whose mother was she?"

"Listen," said Mrs. Goldstraw. "Shortly after I had that row with Mrs. Gamp, I was took on at the Foundling. One night, the original mother of that 'ere photograph asked me the name of the child she had left with us. I told her, 'Walter Wilding.'

That child was afterwards taken away by a lady as was not a mother, but wanted to be one by proxy. Another mother soon after this left another child. We didn't know what to call him; but as the one that had been left by the first mother, and taken away by the mother by proxy, was called 'Walter Wilding,' we naturally called the one that had been left by the second mother 'Walter Wilding' also. The original mother then came and took the second child away. You was that second child; but your mother was not the original mother, but the second mother!"

"This is awfully clear!" cried the merchant in hysterics. "Then my late dear mother was not my mother after all, but somebody else's mother. Somebody else has got my mother, and I've got somebody else's mother. This must be put right. I will send to Bintrey and be pumped upon!"

### ACT III — THE BED CURTAINS ARE DRAWN

"Bintrey!" said Walter Wilding to the lawyer, after he had received a twelve-gallon dose under the pump and told him the

nurse's story, "I feel myself a great criminal. I feel that I have been in the enjoyment of somebody else's rights.

'Who was it, that when I fell,  
Kissed the place to make it well?  
Somebody else's Mother!'

I feel I have got somebody else's wine business, somebody else's comic cellarman, and somebody else's mysterious cellar! I must make a will."

"Very good, Mr. Wilding," said Mr. Bintrey. "This does you immense credit."

"I wish to give to the somebody else who was the son of my late dear mother, the whole of the property. I shall appoint you and my new partner, George Vendale, the trustees, and if you don't come across him in the period of two years, then it is all to go to the Brunswick Square Asylum for Mysterious Infants, with a view to the encouragement of sensation-novel writing."

The will had been duly executed. The merchant had retired to rest, when the door of his bedroom was thrown violently open, and a man of middle age entered. He had a handsome face, with a somewhat grizzled beard. He was attired in travelling cos-

tume. His manner was hurried and determined. He drew back the bed curtains.

"Who are you?" said the startled merchant.

"Who am I?" repeated the new-comer, in a deep mysterious voice, "I am the author of your being!"

"Not my late dear mother?" said the merchant, involuntarily.

"Not your late dear mother; but still the wretched creature who brought you into existence. What remorse, what anguish I have suffered since that moment, no tongue can tell, no pen describe. My name is Dickens!"

The merchant trembled.

"I had thought and hoped to have worked you up into something interesting, or at least amusing. You have deceived me fearfully. It is my own and my partner Wilkie Collins's wish that you should be put out of the way, that — you should die!"

"Die!" exclaimed the merchant. "You would not kill me?"

"Kill you? Ay, that I would. I have killed far better, nobler creatures than you. Notably, did I kill little Paul Dombey. Similarly, did I kill little Nell. Besides, I

am going to America to give readings. Collins cannot manage you. You are neither comic nor sentimental. You must be got rid of!"

In vain the merchant pleaded for a little grace, in vain he sought to stay the fatal blow by promising he would endeavour to be more comic for the future: his assailant was deaf to pity. Seizing a gigantic pen, he struck poor Wilding to the heart, and rushing from the room, escaped into the street.

The last words uttered by the merchant were, "Oh Dicky Wilkins! Dicky Wilkins! what have I done to deserve this?" And so he died.

From *The Mask* (London), February, 1868



## PLATE XXVIII

### “NO THOROUGHFARE” IN FRANCE

THE play of *No Thoroughfare* was translated into French, and in June 1868, Dickens went over to Paris to superintend the rehearsals. It was called “L’Abime” and was performed at the Vaudeville Theatre, where it was as big a success as the English version in London.

The article accompanying this reproduction appeared in *The Mask* for July 1868, with a full-page illustration comprising caricatures of different celebrities who had either visited London or Paris, amongst which was this one of Dickens drawn by H. Harrall.

B. W. M.







## INTERNATIONAL COMPLIMENTS

Certainly the French and English ought to begin to know each other better, for every day sees an exchange of nationalities of one tendency or another. And during this last month of June several grand days of international compliments are to be marked with white stones either to the London or Paris account.

There has been a kind of national *écarte* going on and it is difficult to say which side wins, for though no one seems to have marked the King, Paris has played her Grand Duchess on Monday, the 22nd of June, with immense success, and London scored a large account with the Earl at the Grand Prix. We sent over our Charles Dickens, to which our neighbors reply with Gustave Doré, who is now as well known for his illustrations as our novelist is for his works of fiction. But France is not the only nation with which compliments have been exchanged; England sends Prince Alfred to Australia, and the colonies send Dick-a-Dick and his black brethren over here to learn cricket and to teach us the use of the boomerang; while Circassia

sends us lily-water for the use of Madam Rachel's customers, who we sincerely hope will ere long send that inestimable Jewess to Jericho, where we might leave her to die in peace.

The first card played was the drama of *No Thoroughfare*, already so well known through the energies of the Adelphi troupe.

It would have been difficult to translate the title (which with us is merely a piece of claptrap, without any real signification bearing on the interests or dénouement of the plot) into *Entrée Interdite* or *Cul-De-Sac*, so the more attractive word *Abime* was selected, and *L'Abime* [meaning the Abyss] has been taken by some writers on both sides of the Channel to mean *No Thoroughfare*. The French have seen, and acknowledge, the weakness of the drama, but the acting of Burton has been so excellent in the part of Reichenbach (Obenreizer), that the success of the *Abyss* in France has been as great as that of *No Thoroughfare* at the Adelphi.

Burton, well known to all Paris playgoers for his ease and artistic elegance, is as far superior to Fechter as that gentleman is to our own melodramatic actors, and we all

know the reputation his Hamlet has made for him in England. But for Charles Dickens the success has been a *Succès D'estime*. Most of Dickens's works have been translated into French, and are admired, in many instances, as much as in England. For his pure pathos, and for those touches of nature which make a whole world kin, he has his unaffected lovers and devotees throughout Europe, and consequently all the Paris press has shown itself eager to do homage to the genius of Dickens. The journalists of the boulevards have used the *Abyss* as an excuse. It is not the drama which has elicited eulogy; it is the genius of Dickens, shown in *The Old Curiosity Shop*, *Chuzzlewit*, *The Carols*, *Nickleby*, *Oliver Twist*, and a host of others.

From *The Mask*, July, 1868



PLATE NUMBER XXIX

CHARLES DICKENS

Caricature by André Gill

From a colored engraving  
in *L'Éclipse* (Paris), 14th June, 1868





## CHARLES DICKENS

BY ERNEST D'HERVILLY

DICKENS! Here is a name I write as I would write the adored name of an exquisite mistress, — with trembling hand, with ecstatic beating of the heart, with soul intoxicated, elated; with infinite vistas of charming dreams before my eyes.

Oh my well beloved Dickens! How pleasant it is for me; how full of delight is this task which has fallen to my lot — the task of introducing to the intelligent readers of the *Eclipse*, in a few words, all too brief, the man whose portrait honors the first page of this journal!

Among my elders and masters, those fathers of my soul, many have my profound admiration and my deep and abiding friendship, but never was a writer venerated by me so filially as you, dear stranger! You have my deepest love!

There are not two ways of loving Dickens, for the reader either loves him passionately, or is utterly bored.

Let us be thankful that the number of people who after having skimmed over

thirty pages of a book by the author of *David Copperfield* or *Christmas Tales* can go no further, but must throw the book down in disgust, is indeed very limited, and we must not judge them too severely. If they could but know how these stories of Dickens awaken in the heart one's dormant sympathies! If they could appreciate the kindlier feeling such reading inspires, the disposition to find and to search for the good and lovable traits of our fellowmen and of life, they would indeed repent; they would indeed regret their former scorn of these gentle emotions.

Happily, those who read — who I might say *live* the romance of Dickens, making themselves companions of his heroes, suffering, laughing, hoping, living with them — have become a goodly number in France, and this number is growing day by day.

It is indeed pleasant to escape for an hour from our everyday life with its cares and struggles, and passing by for the time being those distressing pictures of life which some of our highly talented French authors have painted, to devote this happy hour to the lovable books of Dickens, which make us believe in and recall the days of our

youth, and which remind us of our universal brotherhood.

The poet's message is to the soul; and Dickens, kindly poet, has not failed in his mission. His profound and sincere love of suffering humanity, of all unfortunates, shines forth conspicuously in his work, from one end to the other. Read *Bleak House*; read *Nicholas Nickleby*; read *Old Curiosity Shop*; read *Little Dorrit*; read *Hard Times*, and you will feel an irresistible pity enveloping you; you will understand what divine consolation these books, eagerly awaited in England, have brought to desperate, sin-sick hearts, and why he has gained the love and regard of the people, this author, who consecrates his talent by bringing home to the disdainful, indifferent classes, the inexpressible misery that, not ten steps from their sumptuous palaces, passes in tatters and sheds its bitter tears.

But to my great regret I am forced to cut short this rôle which is so dear to me; I will conclude with some brief and incomplete biographical sketches.

In England, they do not print very much of the private life of a public man. It is not the fashion.

Furthermore, as Dickens intends to write his own autobiography, there is little to draw from except what one may guess of the beginnings of this great and charming soul from reading his books; and the English journalists can tell us little more than we already know ourselves.

In brief, Charles Dickens was born at Portsmouth on the 7th of February 1812. In several boarding houses at Chatham and Rochester he experienced the hard life of a child separated from his parents.<sup>1</sup> Then he led a very adventurous existence, but fruitful for the future writer, in pursuing the study of law, to which the paternal will had decreed him for ten years.

Dickens, like Shakespeare, composed and took part in several theatrical pieces during this period. He joined by choice and by force of circumstances, a nomadic troupe which he later described so graphically in *Nicholas Nickleby*.

Still later, returning to London, he became a stenographer and by his study and skill simplified the existing stenography and

<sup>1</sup> This statement is a little misleading, as Dickens always lived with his parents in his early days, except when they were in the Marshalsea Prison. There is no record that he ever lived in Rochester. — B. W. M.



became one of the best reporters on the English papers. It was upon the *True Sun*, then on the "Mirror of Parliament," that he made his début first as stenographer, then as writer.

His *Sketches of English Life*, marvellously exact, which appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* and which he modestly signed "Boz" were remarkably lifelike. Cruikshank illustrated them. They have not been translated into French.

After this appeared *The Posthumous Papers of the Club of Pickwickians* (Mr. Pickwick). These were greeted with a storm of laughter. The book had a colossal success; edition followed edition rapidly.

From this moment Charles Dickens, giving up stenography completely, devoted himself entirely to his life work. His reputation having been established, fortune no longer derided him, and the great romancer, married shortly before this time, began at once to furnish without interruption of the public, the new works which were so impatiently awaited.

Thirty years have passed; Dickens still writes, inexhaustible, and always the same, and the enthusiasm for his writings has

never grown cold. He is loved more than ever. With his son-in-law, Wilkie Collins,<sup>1</sup> the author of that wonderful romance, *The Woman in White*, he publishes now in a journal of his own, *All the Year Round*, everything that comes from his pen.

And the most gracious gift that one can make at Christmas-time, is one of his elegantly reproduced novels.

Long life to Charles Dickens! Such is the most ardent wish that I have at this moment, and which I send to him from the bottom of my heart.

From *L'Éclipse* (Paris), 14th June, 1868

<sup>1</sup> Wilkie Collins was not a son-in-law of Dickens; it was his brother, Charles Alston Collins, who married Dickens's daughter Kate. — B. W. M.

PLATE NUMBER XXX  
*CHARLES DICKENS RAISING  
GREAT EXPECTATIONS*

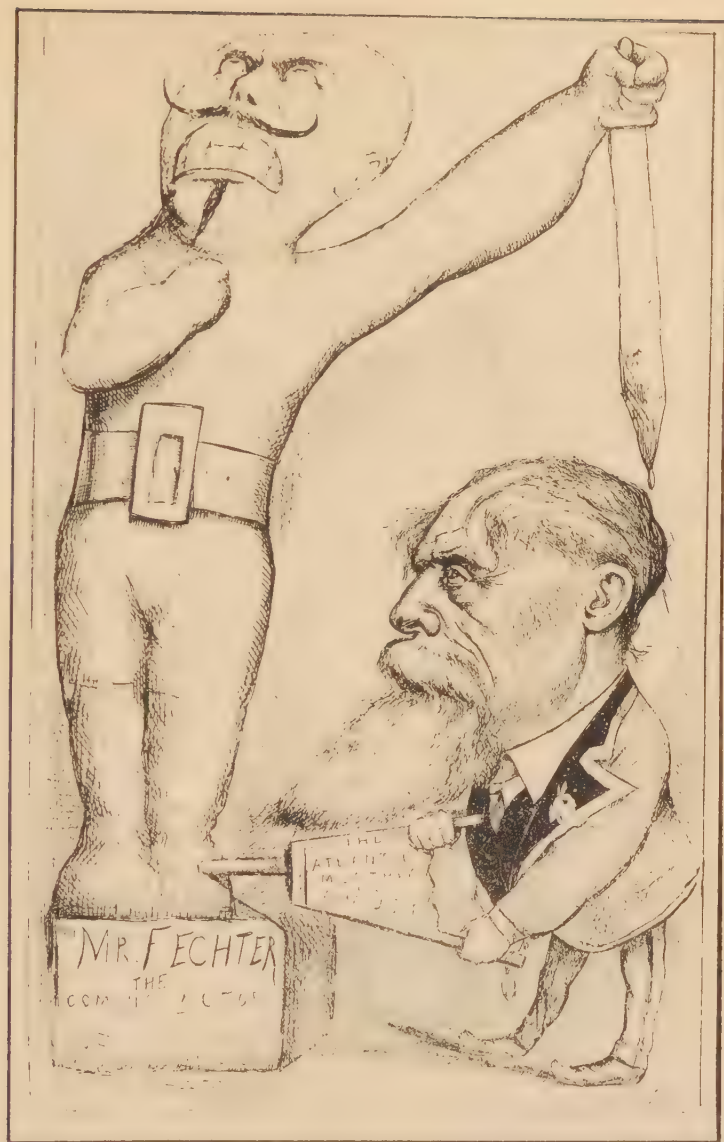
Drawn by Thomas Nast

“You just keep still and I’ll do all the blowing for you. I know ’ow to ’umbug these blasted Yankees, as I’ve done it before.”

From *The Evening Telegraph*  
(New York), 1869

Inspired by the article “On Mr. Fechter’s Acting,” in *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1869. See page 147; also Plate LI, at page 221.







# ON MR. FECHTER'S ACTING

BY

CHARLES DICKENS

The distinguished artist whose name is prefixed to these remarks purposes leaving England for a professional tour in the United States. A few words from me in reference to his merits as an actor I hope may not be uninteresting to some readers, in advance of his publicly proving them before an American audience, and I know will not be unacceptable to my intimate friend. I state at once that Mr. Fechter holds that relation towards me; not only because it is the fact, but also because our friendship originated in my public appreciation of him. I had studied his acting closely, and had admired it highly, both in Paris and in London, years before we exchanged a word. Consequently my appreciation is not the result of personal regard, but personal regard has sprung out of my appreciation.

The first quality observable in Mr. Fechter's acting is, that it is in the highest degree romantic. However elaborated in minute details, there is always a peculiar dash and



vigor in it, like the fresh atmosphere of the story whereof it is a part. When he is on the stage it seems to me as though the story were transpiring before me for the first and last time. Thus there is a fervor in his love-making — a suffusion of his whole being with the rapture of his passion — that sheds a glory on its object and raises her, before the eyes of the audience, into the light in which he sees her. It was this remarkable power that took Paris by storm when he became famous in the lover's part in the *Dame Aux Camélias*. It is a short part, really comprised in two scenes, but as he acted it (he was its original representative), it left its poetic and exalting influence on the heroine throughout the play. A woman who could be so loved — who could be so devotedly and romantically adored — had a hold upon the general sympathy with which nothing less absorbing and complete could have invested her. When I first saw this play and its actor I could not, in forming my lenient judgment of the heroine, forget that she had been the inspiration of a passion of which I had beheld such profound and affecting marks. I said to myself, as a child might have said,

“A bad woman could not have been the object of that wonderful tenderness, could not have so subdued that worshipping heart, could not have drawn such tears from such a lover.” I am persuaded that the same effect was wrought upon the Parisian audiences, both consciously and unconsciously, to a very great extent, and that what was morally disagreeable in the *Dame Aux Camélias* first got lost in this brilliant halo of romance. I have seen the same play with the same part otherwise acted, and in exact degrees as the love became dull and earthy, the heroine descended from her pedestal.

Picturesqueness is a quality above all others pervading Mr. Fechter’s assumptions. Himself a skilled painter and sculptor, learned in the history of costume, and informing those accomplishments and that knowledge with a similar infusion of romance (for romance is inseparable from the man), he is always a picture, — always a picture in its right place in the group, always in true composition with the background of the scene. For picturesqueness of manner, note as trivial a thing as the turn of his hand in beckoning from a win-

dow, in *Ruy Blas*, to a personage down in an outer courtyard to come up; or his assumption of the Duke's livery in the same scene; or his writing a letter from dictation. In the last scene of Victor Hugo's noble drama, his bearing becomes positively inspired; and his sudden assumption of the attitude of the headsman, in his denunciation of the Duke and threat to be his executioner is, so far as I know, one of the most ferociously picturesque things conceivable on the stage.

The foregoing use of the word "ferociously" reminds me to remark that this artist is a master of passionate vehemence; in which aspect he appears to me to represent, perhaps more than in any other, an interesting union of characteristics of two great nations, — the French and the Anglo-Saxon. Born in London of a French mother, by a German father, but reared entirely in England and in France, there is, in his fury, a combination of French suddenness and impressibility with our more slowly demonstrative Anglo-Saxon way when we get, as we say, "our blood up," that produces an intensely fiery result. The fusion of two races is in it, and one cannot decidedly say

that it belongs to either; but one can most decidedly say that it belongs to a powerful concentration of human passion and emotion, and to human nature.

Mr. Fechter has been in the main more accustomed to speak French than to speak English, and therefore he speaks our language with a French accent. But whosoever should suppose that he does not speak English fluently, plainly, distinctly, and with a perfect understanding of the meaning, weight, and value of every word, would be greatly mistaken. Not only is his knowledge of English — extending to the most subtle idiom, or the most recondite cant phrase — more extensive than that of many of us who have English for our mother-tongue, but his delivery of Shakespeare's blank verse is remarkably facile, musical, and intelligent. To be in a sort of pain for him, as one sometimes is for a foreigner speaking English, or to be in any doubt of his having twenty synonyms at his tongue's end if he should want one, is out of the question after having been of his audience.

From *The Atlantic Monthly*, August, 1869

PLATE NUMBER XXXI

*CHARLES DICKENS*

From a tinted engraving drawn by Alfred  
Thompson

From *The Period* (London),

13th November, 1869







## PEOPLE OF "THE PERIOD"

### CHARLES DICKENS

When the writer of this notice was quite a little boy — never mind how long ago — but it was at a period when Charles Dickens had already written *Pickwick* and *Oliver Twist*, *Nicholas Nickleby* and *Sketches by Boz*, *Old Curiosity Shop* and *Barnaby Rudge* — he had an ancient female relative who enjoyed high consideration in the family circle and among a select number of acquaintances, as a lady of most refined literary taste and the most exquisite intellectual acumen. She had been on intimate terms with the great Hannah More; had once taken a dish with Mrs. Barbauld; and it was even rumored that in her youth she had looked with sympathizing eyes on Mr. Hayley, author of *The Triumphs of Temper*. From this lady's literary verdicts there was no appeal. When she had once pronounced a sentence we were all fain to be mute; and we suppose it was owing to the great awe with which she inspired us that to this day we have never read three pages of Shelley; for she was accustomed to say, "Mr. Percy Bysshe Shelley was one of the

most deplorable of persons, and his poems are poison." Through a similar belief in the infallibility of her judgment, did we read, to our sorrow, from beginning to end, the works of Monsieur de Chateaubriand, and can recall, even now, with disagreeable minuteness the long-winded paragraphs of that dreary sentimentalist. Still, like most boys of the last generation, we went mad after Dickens. We played at *Pickwick*, we blubbered over the sorrows of Oliver and Nancy, loathed Fagin, shuddered at Bill Sikes, and adored Mr. Brownlow. As for little Nell, and Kit, and the man who watched the furnace fire, and Dick Swiveller, and the marchioness; as for Barnaby and Barnaby's raven, and honest Joe Willett, and the darling little Dolly Varden, we talked about them, sang about them, drew pictures of them — pictures which would have somewhat astonished Mr. Hablôt Browne — all day long. Now, our dear old female relative — rest her bones! — was not proof against Charles Dickens. *He* would find out the joints in her critical armour, he could tickle her into ringing laughter, or melt her into passionate tears. But she would recover herself; she would

vindicate her character for mental austerity: had she not sat at the feet of Hannah More, and partaken of Bohea with Mrs. Barbauld? "My dear," she would remark, "Boz (than which, I am sure, there was never a more ridiculous name) is a clever man, — a very clever man, — and has done wonders, although in a style of which I cannot entirely approve. But he has overworked himself — he has written himself out. *Mark my words, my dear, Boz has written himself out.*"

My good old kinswoman preferred this opinion, not malevolently, but simply because she could not realize the possibility of an author who had achieved so many triumphs before he was thirty years of age, continuing to enchant millions of readers until he was nearly sixty. But there *were* other persons, more than a generation since, who *did* malevolently declare that "Boz had written himself out," and who wished that he had, and hoped that he would — and that speedily. "Censure," says Dean Swift, "is a tax which a man pays to the world for being eminent." There are a great many more imports which the eminent literary man has to pay to his kind friends, the

public. One tax-gatherer's name is Envy; his brother assessors are Hatred, Malice, and all uncharitableness. A rogue thunders at the door, and shouts, "I am Lying Slander; pay me!" Another rings the bell fiercely and yells, "I am Domestic Espionage; I am Foreign Eaves-dropping; you'll pay *me*, I guess." And the eminent man must pay, willy-nilly; for the tax-gatherers will distrain on his goods, and seize the hat from his head and the coat from his back; a crowd of bookselling pirates, "own correspondents," hack dramatists and hireling photographers looking on approvingly.

And here is Charles Dickens, not very far from three-score, and still, for all the prodigious amount of work he has gone through — body work, brain work, hand work, foot work — for in pedestrianism he has rivalled Deerfoot and Captain Patten Saunders — a hale, bright, valid man. His recent speech at Birmingham tells us so. A little before that, as we all know, he was forced to break off for a while in his course of readings; — readings which are to be resumed early in the New Year. The man was manifestly tired out, tired to death's door — tired of having to keep with rigid punctual-

ity appointments at five hundred miles distance from each other; tired of discounting the future, and knowing with grim certainty what he was going to do, or at least was expected to do, in the middle of next month; tired of express trains and hotel dinners, and saying the same thing night after night, and seeing the same sea of eager upturned faces; tired of gas and waiters, and money-takers, and rounds of applause, and neat criticisms in provincial newspapers. He would rest. His doctors told him that he *must* take it, and he took it. Depend upon it, that the tax-gatherers rubbed their hands gleefully when they heard that Charles Dickens had been forced to pause for awhile. There is one collector whom we have not yet named — the man who calls for that tax called “Hypocritical Commiseration.” It is a commutation of the old Spite, Malice, and Impatience at continuous success duties. “Ah! poor fellow,” sighed the commiserators; “broken down — quite broken down — sinking by the head. The pitcher goes often to the well, but gets broken at last. He will never be himself again. A clear case of physical collapse, the sure forerunner of mental decay. Sick body, sick brain!

You know we always thought he would overdo it at last." And so, from decade to decade, does one generation of affable vipers succeed another; and we dare say there were good souls in Shakespeare's time who confidently imparted to one another their conviction that Mr. S. was really working the mine of his brain too freely, that he was writing himself out, and that this kind of thing could not last long, you know.

The answer of Charles Dickens to his detractors and commiserators has been, his whole life long, hard work; and it is not for the world, and not for him, but for the Dispenser of all events, to determine when, his work being done, he shall lay down spade and trowel and sing the canticle of Simeon, and say, with St. Paul, that he has fought the good fight. It is probable that, gauging his literary productions only as so much printed matter, there have been authors who, in a career of letters of equal length to his, have produced more "copy." Rousseau wrote more; Dryden wrote more; Diderot wrote more; William Godwin wrote more; G. P. R. James wrote more; Lord Lytton has written more; Anthony Trollope has written more; Charles Lever has



written as much. As an author Charles Dickens has been famous for about four-and-thirty years; and certainly he has not written four-and-thirty novels. Beyond his works of fiction his only literary productions have been the *Sketches by Boz*, the *American Notes*, the *Pictures from Italy*, a few essays in the *Daily News*, and a number of papers in *Household Words*, and *All the Year Round*. Stay, — there was also the *Child's History of England* and one or two dramatic pieces. Charles Lamb used humourously to say that his own genuine “works” were entombed in the bulky day-books and ledgers of the India House. Similarly the great bulk of Charles Dickens’s “copy” may be lying *perdu* in the shorthand notes he took and transcribed when he was a reporter in the gallery of the House of Commons. But mere manifest production weighs very little in the scale by which a man’s work should be tested. The idlest men have often been the most prolific producers. There was no end to George Morland’s pictures. Rafaele is said to have lacked industry; yet Rafaele, who died before he was forty, has left far more on record, in the way of quantity, than Michael Angelo, who lived



to be nearly ninety, and worked like a day-labourer to the last of his life. In the "Horned Moses" there is a whole gallery of sculpture. In *David Copperfield* may there not be said to be an entire library of fiction? Surely art is not to be measured by line and rule, and ticked off per inch. If this were the case, the brick wall of Whitechapel Workhouse would bear away the ball from the Banqueting House at Whitehall, and Mr. Sandy's "Medea" would have to yield the palm to Venvard's Panorama of the Mississippi. Apart from his literary labours, which in the result have been tremendous, Charles Dickens has worked continuously, earnestly, sedulously, unflinchingly, from the first dawn of his adolescence to this the golden autumn of his age. Never has there been a busier man, in the best sense of the term; never one who was so fully aware that the power of genius and all the fertility of imagination cannot compensate for the lack of application and for the want of punctuality.

It has been said, and trivially said, that the history of an author's life is simply the history of his works. The history of the life of any man of great intellectual powers,

were it fully narrated, would be more interesting perhaps than anything that had ever flowed from his pen. It has been said, and with not much more truth, that the incidents in the career of a writer of fiction may be derived, with tolerable accuracy, from the scenes and the characters he has depicted in his works. *Sottises!* If this were the case, Anthony Trollope must have gone through a triple process of metempsychosis, and have been a bishop's wife, a sentimental young lady, and an Irish member of Parliament; while Lord Lytton must have been all kinds of dreadful things, and have done all kinds of dreadful things, — robbed on the highway with Paul Clifford, murdered barbers in order to buy Greek books with Eugene Aram, dwelt on the threshold with Zanoni, and poisoned the members of respectable families with Lucretia. As for Charles Dickens, he must have filled as many characters as Woodin or Mascabe assumes. He must have shaken, as the Parish boy Oliver, under Mr. Bumble's cane; and have picked out the marks from pocket-handkerchiefs under the tutelage of Mr. Fagin. As David Copperfield, he must have been a wine-merchant's

drudge and articulated pupil to a proctor in Doctor's Commons. As Little Nell, he must have travelled with a Punch-and-Judy, and acted as Cicerone to Mrs. Jarley's waxwork show. He must have lain in the Fleet as Mr. Pickwick, and in the Marshalsea as Mr. Dorrit; he must have given up the ghost as Little Paul, as Jo, as Lady Dedlock. He must have been buried in the ruins of a falling house, and blown up by spontaneous combustion; he must have come to life again and sung Bacchanalian songs as Dick Swiveller, and peeped through the keyhole as the Marchioness, and danced demonic dances as Quilp. He must have been in the riots of '80, and in the wreck of the *Golden Mary*. He must have been one of the Seven Poor Travellers, and Doctor Marigold, and the Boots at The Holly-tree Inn, and Mr. Chops the dwarf.

He has been, in reality, nothing whatever of the kind. He has been, all his life, Charles Dickens — a prose poet of wonderful genius; a writer of most vivid imagination, of extraordinary powers of wit, humor, pathos, and eloquence; an observer of unequalled shrewdness and minuteness, and an unwearied cultivator of the inestimable

faculty of Attention, which faculty may be popularly defined as the power of minding our own business. It has been Charles Dickens's business to bestow unflagging attention on the discipline and conduct of the abilities bestowed on him by God, and to make them fructify; and he has succeeded in his task, to the delight and to the amelioration of mankind.

## TO CHARLES DICKENS

O Great Enchanter, never was there writer  
Wielded a pen more powerful before;  
No sway more potent knows the priestly mitre  
On crown that earthly monarch ever wore.

The Church may rule a creed — Faith's stern  
opinion,  
The Monarch multitudes in camp or mart;  
Yet there's a prouder and more dear dominion,  
Illimitable empire o'er the heart.

How shall we thank thee for the hours beguiling —  
The genius that has brightened all the years,  
The wit that tempts a sad heart into smiling,  
The pathos that makes laughter end in tears?

Vain were the task to tell of thy creations,  
Those "Household Words" till England's latest  
day;

The wealth of fancy that is now the nation's —  
A heritage that cannot pass away.

When thy soul seeks its everlasting haven,  
When England and her best-loved author part,  
Thy name for evermore will be engraven,  
Like Mary's "Calais" upon England's heart.

From *The Period* (London), 13th November, 1869

PLATE NUMBER XXXII

*THE NEWSVENDERS' DINNER*

Charles Dickens in the center

Drawn by W. Brunton

From *Fun* (London), 23rd April, 1870









## THE NEWSVENDERS' DINNER

BY OUR SPECIAL DINER-OUT

As if people with any decent gratitude about them would not go to such a dinner, even if Charles Dickens were not in the chair! Furthermore, ladies can dine. Whereupon one insists at once upon going and getting "all the world and his wife" to go too, so far as one's acquaintance with the individual goes.

Dinner at six precisely. That means, at Freemason's Hall, a quarter past seven to sit down to table, and about eight to get one's dinner. But after all, the dinner, luckily, and perhaps the wine too, luckily, are not things one comes to a dinner of this kind for. Nevertheless that champagne—but no matter! The chairman is on his legs. A little too brief—but he would be that for most of us, if he talked by the hour. Music, and another brevity from the chairman. And then he brightens up a bit, and chaffs "The Army, Navy, and Volunteers" pleasantly. Next he commits—oh, yes, he does, I grieve to say—he commits the mistake as *ex-officio* host, of chaffing too severely the Corporation of

London, when he has to propose that toast. It is a very excellent body, after all. Not perfect, after the invariable fashion of human institutions, but it does a good deal of real good work.

Never mind, however! Alderman Cotton has to respond to the toast, and the opponent of Cotton is generally Worsted. It is a fair counter, and the chairman very properly recognizes and respects it.

So, after the sheriffs have had due honour, we come to "The Toast" —

PROSPERITY TO THE NEWSVENDERS AND  
PROVIDENT INSTITUTION

And now Charles Dickens is *the* Charles Dickens, and those of us who availed ourselves of the good sense of the Institution to bring our womankind to see Charles Dickens "at home," feel that we have not brought them in vain. I don't know how it reads, but I know how it "spoke," and I am sure it delighted those who heard it — and what can a speech do more?

After this either the toastmaster or I got into a fog. I fancied before that toasts had slipped out of the programme. Now I am

sure they did, and much of the music set down in the programme was omitted, and the arrangements got "mixed." But there were one or two good speeches, and — what was more satisfactory — a good list of subscriptions to an admirable institution.

I don't know that I have anything to add, save my advice to the indefatigable secretary of the Newsvenders, Mr. Walter Jones, that next year it would be well for the sake of variety, if for no other reason, to have the dinner at some other tavern than the Freemason's Hall. Mr. Dickens, the President of the Institution, hints at retiring from active duty, and when the attraction of his name is wanting, the very worthy cause must be well supported still. A more strict attention to the authorized list of toasts and songs might be advisable on the part of the toastmaster.

But it really needs little to raise the Newsvenders' Dinner to the position we should like to see it occupy, — that of one of the most popular gatherings of the season, to which the ladies gratefully say "Aye!"

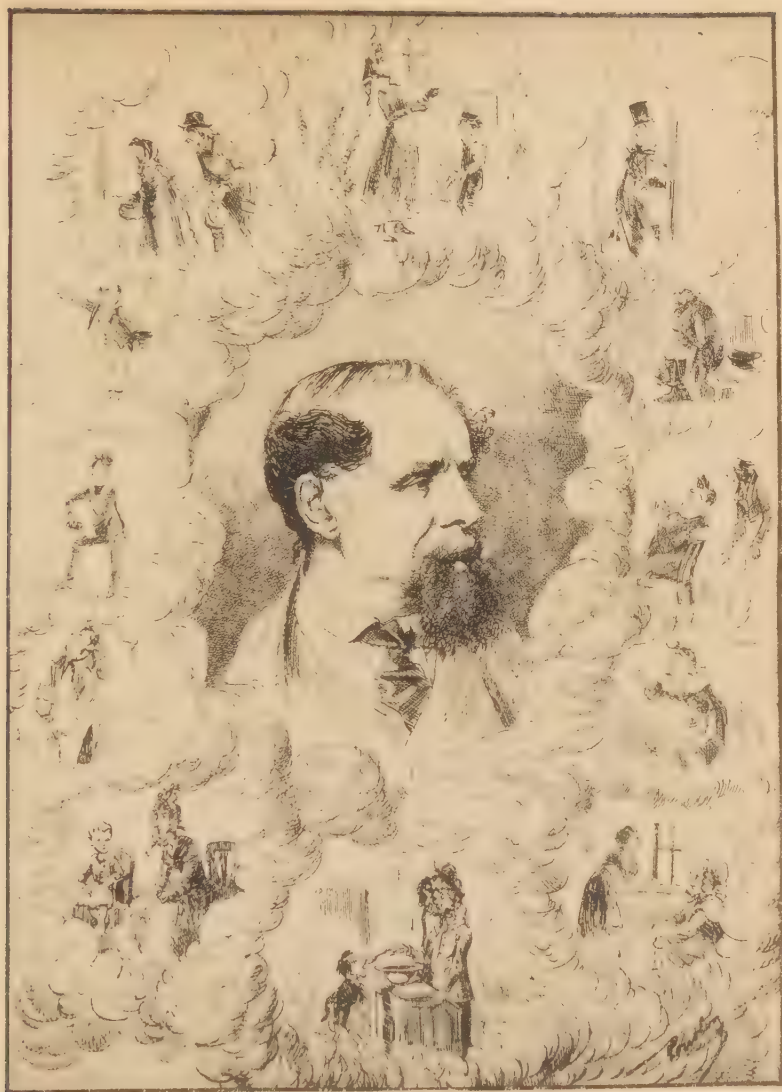
From *Fun* (London), 23d April, 1870

PLATE NUMBER XXXIII

*CHARLES DICKENS*

From a drawing by Poulton,  
issued as a Supplement to

*The Hornet* (London), 15th June, 1870







## CHARLES DICKENS

The great king of fiction is dead! The mighty intellect that bred ten thousand pleasant fancies, the wondrous power that moved men's hearts to joy or grief, and led the world captive, with a garland, through sunny glades of song and story, is still. Charles Dickens is at rest. Let those who have shed a tear for Little Nell, who have wept when Paul Dombey died, and have felt the awful solemnity of that darkened room where Agnes told the death of Little Blossom, drop a tear for him who never yet did ask our tears in vain.

Let us turn from the pages of his mirth, checked in our laughter by the solemn sudden voice that called him hence; and, in all that meekness and gentleness he loved, listen for the "beautiful music which she said was in the air," and which — who knows? — may sound a triumphant note for him — a note of sadness for us all. "Oh! it is hard to take to heart the lesson such deaths will teach, but let no man reject it, for it is one that all must learn,

and is a mighty and universal truth. . . . Of every tear that sorrowing mortals shed on such green graves some good is born, some gentle nature. . . . In the Destroyer's steps there spring up bright creations that defy this power, and his dark path becomes a way of light to heaven."

Farewell, Dickens! Thy pen has dropped on the unfinished page; but so long as the world shall live, so shall thy memory be always in the blossom, smiling in the sunshine, tenderly weeping with the dew. Men's hearts and lips shall utter thy praises, nations shall never cease to wonder at thy greatness.

It was gentle Cowper who said: —

'Twere well with most, if books that did engage  
Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age,  
The man approving what had charmed the boy.

Dickens for all ages and all minds, the humblest most. He knew and swept the chords of every heart with the skill of a consummate minstrel, now with love song, now with dance, now with dirge, and ever tenderly and gracefully. His works are a delightful world of fancy, where every creation has seeming life and reality. Pick-

wick, Weller, Pecksniff, Tom Pinch, Squeers, Captain Cuttle, Mrs. Gamp, Dombey, Bumble, Kit, Barnaby Rudge, Peggotty, and Marchioness, all live and breathe, and the poorest hind can number them amongst his acquaintances. Pickwick is no mere thought in ink on paper — the most literal mind cannot bring itself to the belief. He is flesh and blood, and we laugh with him, sympathise with him, philosophise with him, as though we met his beaming face every morning at our door. He is but a type of the rest, and of a glorious company of life and poetry — Dickens's priceless legacy to the world.

Peace to him. Bear with him gently, wipe the tear away, then turn we again to his page, and count our treasures wisely.

From *The Hornet* (London), 15th June, 1870

PLATE NUMBER XXXIV

*THE EMPTY CHAIR*

From *Judy* (London), 22nd June, 1870







## CHARLES DICKENS

BORN 7TH FEBRUARY, 1812

DIED 9TH JUNE, 1870

Who has not own'd the magic of his skill  
Who thrill'd us with fictitious joy and woe?  
Raised, in a moment, laughter at his will,  
Or caused the sympathetic tear to flow?  
And must the brain that plann'd — the hand that  
penn'd —

Lie nerveless from henceforth, mere dust and  
clay?

Must all the glory of a lifetime end  
When from the earth the spirit wings its way?  
Not so with him we mourn. His fancy flows  
Fresh as when first he charm'd us with his art;  
He made a world, and peopled it with those  
Who live in our remembrance and our heart.  
Let England, then, her grieving tribute lend,  
The Nation mourns him as the Nation's friend.

From *Judy* (London), 22nd June, 1870

## DICKENS, THE GREAT MAGICIAN

The man whom, of all others, we could least afford to spare, has been taken from amongst us. Before he had entered upon the evening of his life, and while his days had not passed well-ripened maturity, Death is written against his name. The Great Magician who has called up a realm of Truth and Beauty, and given to the world creations of infinite excellence, has passed from amongst us. His wand has fallen from his hand, and the matchless genius that no longer works for man is inherited by no other who can carry on the noble work which has given to the name of Charles Dickens an imperishable lustre. The nation sorrows. It has lost one who, though standing alone in his rare and significant inspiration, was yet, by the expansion of his great nature, so entangled in the hearts of men that all feel a dearly-loved friend has been taken from their midst. As there is but one Shakespeare, one Milton, one Byron, one Burns, so there is but one Dickens. In his works, as in his life, there is a completedness — a unity. The tree has consummated its grandeur — all its



PLATE NUMBER XXXV



foliage had come to it; not one more leaf was to be added — the tree in its richness and freshness of verdure, before it bore a single withered branch, was to fall.

If the mind of an author whose hopes and ambitions are for the weal of his countrymen is looked upon as the property of his country, then perhaps we can find comfort in the event which has cast so deep a gloom over every part of the land. It is given to few men to retain in the “sere and yellow leaf” of the body a mental constitution as vigorous and great as when its temple has few signs of decay. Though in its awful suddenness we mourn as we have mourned never before over the flight of a great spirit which goes back to the Empyrean whence it came, we should realize that a great man has done his work, and that what more he may have done could have little contributed to that monument of perfection and utility which is to us, as it was to him, a glory. His brain may have grown less able and his heart become contracted and colder in the winter of age. Now working for his kind, striving with an intellect as strong, and yearning with a heart as bold as in his sanguine youth, he

goes away leaving an unblemished heritage. The treasures which he has created are sanctified by the knowledge that their creator was always faithful to his first grand instincts, and that, never deviating from his mission as an Apostle of the People, he has left for posterity a benefaction as good and worthy as the world has any account of.

Great as Charles Dickens was as author, the age which honored him must share in his glory. If his genius was unique, the spirit which fired him came from and was accepted by the people. If he has written for all time, he has written for his age. In this age there was not only the multi-form nature which his master pen depicted in all its beauties, eccentricities, and sadness, but the wide sense of sympathy which was enmeshed with his own. The recognition of Charles Dickens was the recognition of human nature, and of the immutable grace belonging to men's better selves. There were periods in English History when the song of this great prose-poet would have found no listeners. Emerson has said: "The poetry of the vulgar has yet to be written." Dickens found that poetry in the hearts of the people, and has done



more, save Shakespeare, than any other author to show the whole world is kin. Thackeray portrayed but one class, and became celebrated as a discoverer of the ugly spots in society; Lord Lytton, superb in diction, delicate in sentiment, and surprising in constructive ability, has never humbled himself to become exalted; Carlyle, though a great historian, is not sufficiently idiomatic in feeling to become a writer for all men; George Eliot, whose marvellous power and nearly supernatural insight into human nature have made her universally famous, perhaps lacks that exuberance of feeling and that sunlight of temperament so conspicuous in her late contemporary. Charles Dickens was great, because he was above reasoning. His was the logic of the heart, which persuaded mankind by a loving kindness, and which taught all manner of good in a sublime language — a worthy echo of that heard on the Mount more than eighteen hundred years ago. The greatest of all Masters of the human heart said: "Suffer little children to come unto Me." From little Paul and Little Nell came a wisdom better than the Philosophy of the schools; telling us



that in the sweetness and freshness of childhood were to be found a teaching enkindling Divine Affections, awakening us out of the darkness of sordid calculation to the light of Love and Goodness. The author of the *Old Curiosity Shop*, of *A Christmas Carol*, and *Nicholas Nickleby*, preached his Gospel of Charity as no other human author had ever preached before. We are grateful to his memory because of all this; because he let us see into his own heart, and because he showed us the springs of excellence in our own. If he ordered his own imagination to people worlds for us, this Chieftain of the Passions commanded our smiles and tears, our contempt, scorn, and pity. He made us love and hate in a breath; and if he revealed to us the "precious jewel" in poor humanity, he exhibited the squalor of golden people and the deformity of mere prosperity. To those having great needs, to the humble, and to those of little account, he talked in words of unsurpassed tenderness: all mankind he has cheered with his guileless humour and beguiled by his exquisite pathos, finding out loveliness in noisome places, showing light in obscure haunts, and fair pictures in poor homes.

His beneficent plans softened the air we breathed, warmed us into forgiving moods, and transmuted mists into sunlight. He has brought us into communion with beings who will never pass out of our lives. The Cherryble Brothers are always coming to us with messages of kindness. Mr. Dombey is reprobating the arrogance of wealth; Steerforth, in the pride and lust of birth and youth is, amidst the tempest, telling the story of Retribution. Mark Tapley, Sam Weller, and hosts of others are old companions who never tire us, and come to solace us when even the companionship of friendship wearies us. Who, having once heard the Music of dear Tom Pinch in his Temple rooms, would wish the grand old organ to cease the sounds of those deep tones which have thrown a melody into lives, and given us peace in time of noise and confusion. In *The Chimes*, too, is a harmony full of deep meaning, which should never pass out of hearing.

The "Old Abbey" where lies the dust of England's most illustrious sons, is honoured by becoming the Temple of his remains. Whether his grave be in some quiet churchyard or at Westminster must be of little

moment to those who knew him best. There is a fitness in the National Mausoleum in which there is a "Poet's Corner." As nothing now can diminish his fame, nothing can cast a new glory upon his memory. His uncorrupted spirit passes on to a higher sphere; the offspring of that spirit remains with us, relating to us how there lived a great man who used his genius for the good of his fellow-men, and who, striving to advance the public good by unselfish aims, left the world better than he found it, enriching it by his mighty imagination, and ennobling it out of the grandeur of his sacred aspirations.

We need ask no questions, we need make no inquiries about what the world is saying at this great loss. Little Paul asked, "What are the wild waves saying?" The answer has now come for Charles Dickens. —

Through the many-coloured windows,  
Largely lifted in the Eastward,  
Throbbled the pulses in the morning  
Down the silence of the Transept.  
Coming through the distance,  
Lo! the tremble of the organ;  
In its first prophetic breathings,  
Breathing with so soft a language,

That the voice seemed born of stillness,  
Seemed incorporate with Silence.

From the quiet of the cloisters,  
underneath the grey old arches,  
Shaken by the group of sunlight,  
Entered in a sad procession,  
Eloquent in mighty sorrow,  
That refused to be acquainted  
With the glare of splendid burial.  
Little knew the City's great heart  
That a king was to be gathered,  
Gathered in the early morning,  
To a company of Monarchs,  
Who had lighted up the ages  
With the torches of their greatness;  
That a King was to be buried  
In the silence of the Transept.

Broken only by the stifled  
sobbing of the friends who loved him,  
Rose the nobly uttered burden  
Of the grandly-purposed Service:  
While a bird — who through the open  
Casement of an upper window  
Entered in to sing a carol  
In the quiet of the choir, —  
Flew aside and hushed its cadence: —  
Perching on the hoary chaplet  
Of a pillar broadly shining  
In the glow of purple fire  
Scattered from the ancient windows  
By the full triumphant sunlight; —  
There the bird sat still and listened: —

Looking down upon the Burial  
Of a King, who now was gathered  
To a company of Monarchs,  
In the silence of the Transept.

From *Will-o'-the-Wisp* (London), 25th June, 1870

## CHARLES DICKENS'S LEGACY TO ENGLAND. IN MEMORY

There swept a sigh of sorrow universal  
From melancholy Medway's mournful strand,  
Upon the Nightwind's desolate dispersal,  
To float along the land.

The closing eve had had no shade of sorrow;  
In silver haze we saw the planets swim;  
But when the sun arose upon the morrow,  
We felt the dawn was dim.

With grief-drown'd eyes we read — how briefly  
stated! —  
That he was gone — the man of pure renown:  
As if some bark, with our best treasures freighted,  
Had in the dark gone down!

'Twas but a whisper, yet more widely sounding  
Than the hoarse guns that for warriors roar,  
A thrill electric circled all surrounding,  
And spread from shore to shore.

And that sad circle stretching, still unbroken,  
Around the world to utmost regions sped;  
And tears were shed, where'er our tongue is  
spoken,  
To know Charles Dickens — dead.

[ 185 ]

Within the Abbey let him take his slumber.  
Make room, oh great ones of the Long Ago;  
In your grand roll Charles Dickens thus to  
number,  
Ye smile, blest shades, we know!

Not his the coronet, or ermine legal,  
No herald-blazoned office in the state!  
Without a title, to the Council Regal  
But summoned when too late.

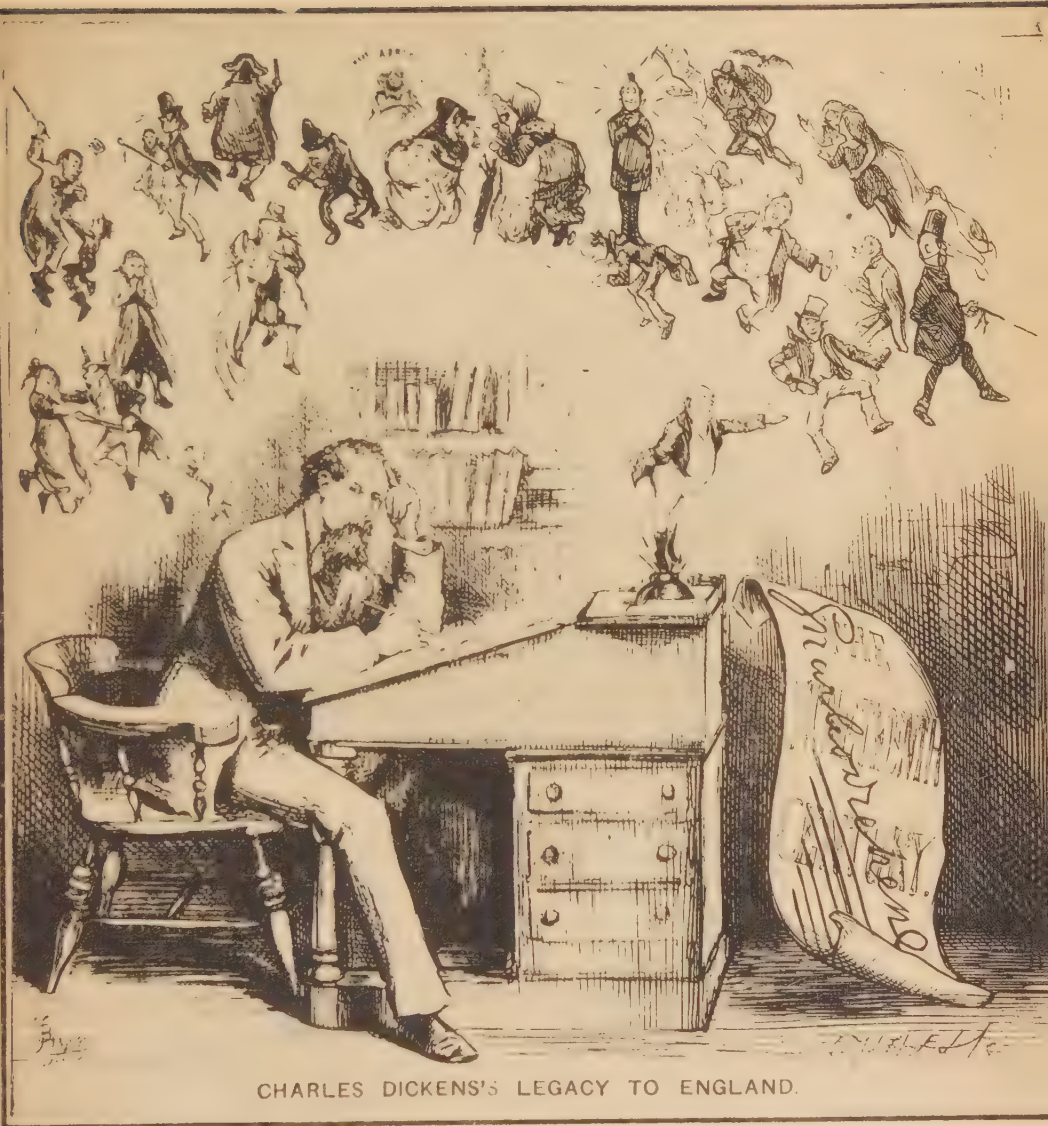
Here lay him down; the dust where he reposes  
Is glorious dust of the illustrious dead;  
And where he lies shall blossom God's rare roses  
When sounds the summons dread!

Calm be his sleep — despite warm tears above him,  
Who loved the weak, and never feared the strong,  
Whose page was pure, who made all good hearts  
love him,  
Who felt the others' wrong.

Yet though he sleeps lamented of a nation,  
The good he did for us shall ne'er decay;  
They live — the beings of his fine creation —  
To make us glad for aye!

From *Fun* (London), 25th June, 1870





CHARLES DICKENS'S LEGACY TO ENGLAND.

PLATE NUMBER XXXVI



## CHARLES DICKENS

What can we say of Charles Dickens that has not been said before, — written by abler pens than ours, felt by tenderer hearts than ours?

We are mere satirists. Our duty is but to tear and rend — to show the hateful face of hypocrisy to the world, to rob Folly of the sound of the bells. What right have we to stand near the great man's grave, to add one wreath of cypress to the immortelles strewn o'er the dead's last resting place?

But little; our mission is with the living, our task a lifelong fight. We have no time for grief, sighs or tears; and yet we cannot let the earth rest on Dickens's grave without writing a few humble words in his honour, — writing them from the heart with faltering pen and trembling hand; writing them in bitter sorrow unbounded, sorrow without end.

In years to come our words may appear extravagant; but now while the loss of our great good novelist is upon us one grief is shared by a people, a race, a world.

Charles Dickens was not only a romancer, he was a mighty teacher, as powerful as the

ablest preacher of modern times. His mission was one of mercy. He did not come among us to war with his enemies, to join petty cliques, to support petty coteries. No, his life was spent (ah! how soon!) in showing us that real good might be mingled with apparent bad, how the wealthy man might be a Christian, how the poor man need not always be a brute. He drew nearer to one another class to class; in a word, he taught one half of the world, how the other half lived. This he did without ostentation, without a thought of self. He was proud of his profession, not of his brain; thanked his God for his power to do good, not for his means of gaining fame.

He has gone away for ever from among us, but he has left his books that will bear his name down to generations yet to come. He and his fellow-maker, Thackeray, represent worthily the literature of the century. Macaulay may have been a great historian, but his name will not live as long as "Charles Dickens." Tennyson may be a great poet, but he will be forgotten before "Thackeray" becomes a meaningless word. Who have we to succeed these two great men? Wilkie Collins? Absurd! Charles



PLATE NUMBER XXXVII





Reade? Ridiculous! The first is a writer who would delight the heart of the manager of the *Ambigue* — the second turns “blue book” into romance, poor specimens of human nature into grotesque burlesque. Anthony Trollope can write small beer, and Miss Braddon of the beauties of the lime-light and the delight of *London Journal* society! Who else have we? No one — absolutely no one! It is true — No one!

As we write, the vision of his works passes before us, and we see the creations of his brain in all their unparalleled excellence. Comedy and tragedy, smiles and tears, mirth and pathos.

First there is Pickwick — the great, the good Pickwick. Pickwick who in spite of his smalls and his spectacles and absurd mishaps is a gentleman, a gentleman every inch of him. Near him is Sam Weller, first of humorists, most gentle of satirists, a man whose fund of anecdote would have made the fortune of a rival Percy, whose readiness in the hour of danger would have brought a reputation for the stupidest of generals and most incapable of commanders-in-chief; and there too is Jingle, adventurer and liar, and poor debtor. Ah, there is seen the master



hand of Dickens! Who can hate Jingle after that touching scene in White Cross Street? That scene which brings out the struggling good from the mass of bad. There too is Winkle, born only to illustrate Seymour's pencil; and Snodgrass, and the rival editors, and a score of others. The vision fades and another picture takes its place.

Now we have David Copperfield, gentlest and kindest of lads, condemning and yet admiring Steerforth, as that headstrong youth denounces the poor usher. Then dear childlike Dora appears with her tiny dog, and the two fade away together, and Rosa Dartle — revengeful Rosa Dartle — pours her fierce, pitiless invective upon little Em'ly's head, and Peggotty wanders once again through the world to find his brother's child — the child so cruelly lost to him, and Micawber, most hopeful of mortals, "turns up" in Australia, prosperous, happy and conversational; and the vision is crowded with characters — all good, all true, and then it fades away and gives place to another.

Martin Chuzzlewit — old Martin and young Martin, both proud, both firm, both

obstinate; and here too is Mark Tapley, who can be jolly under the dismalest of circumstances, and Pecksniff the hypocrite, and Jonas, assassin, and Gamp, the immortal Gamp, snuffy, grinning Gamp — Gamp who is rather more than a man, and just a trifle less than a woman; and Mercy, poor Mercy, and Cherry the shrew. See how they pass away; and here is Dombey — cold, stern Dombey, weeping over the coffin of his little son; and Florence — sweet, patient Florence stands beside him, whispering words of consolation into his grief-dumb ears; and see, there is Captain Cuttle, and the friendly Toots, and the serpent Carker, and Edith, proud and scornful. More yet. —

Nicholas Nickleby at Squeers'. See how wretched the boys are, in spite of the smiles of Miss Fanny, and the brimstone and treacle of the master's wife; and there is John, the general Yorkshire man, and Crummles, with his "real pump and splendid tubs," and poor Smike; and see Mrs. Nickleby, full of anecdotes — so full that they mix together in a sad jumble, reminding one of a badly dressed salad; and there too is Ralph Nickleby — stern Ralph

Nickleby, money lender and brute; and Kate, sweet Kate, and Lord Verisopht, and Sir Mulberry Hawk, and again the vision fades.

Little Dorrit is here now, with her patient, loving face, and see the circumlocution office is again open to the public, and shall attempt the solution of that most difficult problem of how not to do it; and the shadow, — the blighting shadow of the Marshalsea falls across the horizon and fades away.

But why should we write further? Is not every character we have mentioned known and admired by the whole nation? Do not the creations of Dickens belong to us, — live among us?

And he has gone! This great Magician of the pen has gone. Writing to the last — good, noble words, fighting to the last against Evil and Sham. He has gone forever, leaving us to mourn for him; leaving us to sigh as we discover in the Shadow Death, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

From *The Tomabawk* (London), 25th June, 1870

## CHARLES DICKENS

The great story-teller is the personal friend of the world, and when he dies a shadow falls upon every home in which his works were familiar and his name tenderly cherished. When the news came that Dickens was dead, it was felt that the one man who was more beloved than any of his contemporaries by the English speaking race of today, was gone. While he yet lay in his own house unburied, the thoughts of the whole civilized world turned solemnly to the silent chamber and gratefully recalled his immense service to mankind. What an amazing fame! What a feeling to inspire! When Walter Scott drew near his end, he said to his son-in-law, Lockhart, as if it were the chief lesson of his accumulated experience — "Be a good man, my dear." Nothing else seemed important then. Charity, patience, love — these he saw in the dawn of heavenly light to be the only true possessions — the sole real success. And who of all men that ever lived has done more to make men good than Charles Dickens; and what praise so pure

as that simple truth could be spoken by his open grave?

Within the last few days the simple story of his life has been read by millions of men and women. Yet nothing could be said of his genius and works that they had not all felt; and it was because they had all felt it that his name was so dear. There was nothing obscure or remote in his genius. Like Burns, he touched the universal heart by appealing to the universal experience. When *Pickwick* was first published it seemed for a little while to supplant all other literature. The ostler in the stall and the judge upon the bench, like truant school-boys, left their tasks to enjoy it. Its phrases and quaint terms became the current coin of general conversation; its characters were at once and forever typical. Its pathos and humor were equally profuse and natural. Like Pamela, Joseph Andrews, and Waverly, *Pickwick* marked a new era in English literature. The great genial genius took the world upon his knee, and it listened delightedly to the rollicking tale.

The supremacy which Dickens achieved at the very first he never lost. He found Bulwer, James, and Disraeli in possession

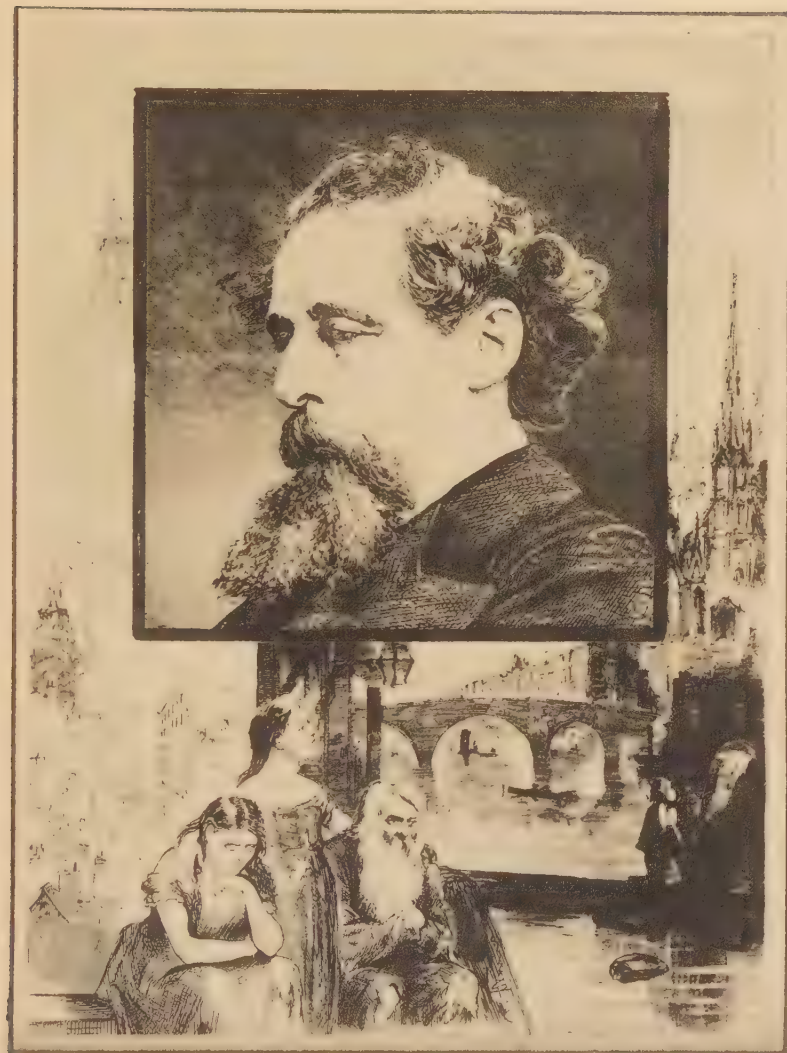


PLATE NUMBER XXXVIII





of the field. During the thirty-three years of his career Thackeray, Miss Brontë, George Eliot, Kingsley, Charles Reade, Mrs. Gaskell, Wilkie Collins, Anthony Trollope, and their contemporaries appeared. Of these only one, Thackeray, was ever mentioned as contesting the palm with Dickens. But Thackeray himself did not contest it. And whatever may be thought of their comparative literary art, whatever superior special pleasure cultivated readers may find in Thackeray, that great master was always first and most sincere in recognizing with admiration the wonderful opulence of Dickens's genius, and the profound humanity of his influence.

Thackeray, indeed, sometimes thought that Dickens was not quite generous toward him. —

“It took Mr. Dickens a great while to discover that I had written a book,” said Thackeray once, with a smile. But it was a sensitiveness which he felt to be not quite just, and it disappeared long before his own death. They were both humorists, but the difference between them was too absolute to breed misunderstanding. Thackeray was essentially of a melancholy and artistic

temperament, — a man of extraordinary insight; and his occasional impatience with the frolic extravagance of Dickens is easily understood. But the noble and generous words in which these two great contemporaries spoke of each other are universally familiar. And there is one little anecdote, not so well known, which can never be so tenderly recalled as at this moment. When Thackeray was buried, his friends — among them the most noted of English authors — carried him to Kendal Green. There had been some estrangement between Dickens and Mark Lemon, and as the coffin was lowered into its place, Dickens stood on one side of the grave and Lemon on the other. As they raised their heads their eyes met, and instinctively putting out their hands, they clasped them in forgiveness, and their quarrel was buried in the grave of Thackeray.

The affluence of Dickens's genius was Shakespearean. He has enriched literature and general experience with more familiar characters, more current felicities of expression than any other author, except the one greatest of all. Most great poets and novelists are known by a few creations;

but those of Dickens are a host, and his power was never more varied and admirable than in the story of *Edwin Drood*, which is now publishing. Indeed, the tale so brims and sparkles with all his characteristic felicity that it seems as if he had resolved to prove that his greater art had not been gained by the least sacrifice of freshness and vigor. Even at the very moment that the cunning hand was suddenly stilled forever, how many thousands of readers in England and America, as they finished the beautiful tenth chapter of *Edwin Drood*, were declaring that Dickens was never so delightful as in his latest work!

And so our friend, the friend of all honest men and women stumbling and struggling in the great battle, suddenly ceases from among us! How much happier for him and for all of us than the sad decline of the good Sir Walter, whose powers were slowly extinguished, star by star, before the eyes of all men, who therefore could not hear of the end but with a tear of relief. Now we can perceive how prophetic was the feeling of sadness with which we watched Dickens withdrawing from the platform at his last reading in Steinway Hall. All the evening,

as he said, the shadow of one word had impended over us. He has not faltered for a moment; but, strangely, even Pickwick did not seem gay. The feeling of deep and inexpressible affection for the man who had so cheered the weary and fainting hearts of thousands, and who evidently ill, was now passing from our sight forever, overpowered all other emotion. The vast audience stood cheering and tearful as, gravely bowing, and refusing all assistance, as if in that final moment he wished to confront us alone, the master lingered and lingered, and slowly retired. In that moment, after the long misunderstanding of years between him and this country, and after his wholly manly and generous speech at the Press dinner, our hearts clasped his, as he and Mark Lemon grasped hands over the grave of Thackeray, and henceforward and for all the future there was to be nothing in American hearts but boundless love and gratitude for Charles Dickens.

From *Harper's Weekly*, 25th June, 1870

PLATE NUMBER XXXIX  
*DICKENS ET SES ŒUVRES*

Dessin et composition de  
M. Edmond Morin

From *Le Monde Illustré* (London),  
25th June, 1870





DICKENS ET SES ŒUVRES. — Dessin et composition de M. Edmond Motte.





## CHARLES DICKENS

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF  
LEO DE BERNARD

While Charles Dickens died a few days ago as the result of a paralytic stroke, his spirit will enliven future generations through his great literary talents. Death, the most invincible of forces, can annihilate the physical body, but its sovereignty recoils powerless before the spirit. The spirit is all that remains of man, and it is what constitutes the fortunes of mankind.

Charles Dickens was one of those who have contributed much to that intellectual wealth, which in the possession of posterity, becomes a great lever of civilization. While criticizing the egotism and hypocrisy of his time, he has been helpful to all the wretchedness engendered by the false standards of English society. He has always pleaded the cause of the unfortunate.

Like all sympathetic natures, he greatly pitied those who were suffering, and this great pity has contributed largely to his literary success in the two continents.

Not that he had the false sentimentalism common to such writers as Byron, Goethe

and Lamartine; on the contrary his novels, which like himself are full of tenderness as well as great indignation, have reclaimed the rights of the weak, and the possession of true equality, notwithstanding the indifference and scorn of hypocrisy and selfishness.

He studied the wretched who throng and live in the mire of the world. His sensitive and impressionable talents brought him into close sympathy with them, and it is this sympathy that opens the hearts of his readers.

More than any other writer, this great novelist sympathised with those who suffer and those who weep, and the wretched of London will in the future never pass Westminster Abbey without mentally saying, "There lies our friend."

It is in this Pantheon of England where his oaken casket has been laid, and which bears only these words, — "CHARLES DICKENS, Born February 7th, 1812, died June 9th, 1870."

It is in the Poets' Corner, near the bust of Shakespeare, and the tombs of Sheridan, Macauley, Addison, Johnson, Garrick, Handel, Goldsmith, and his friend Thackeray,

that Dickens the great one of the literary world sleeps his last sleep.

His funeral ceremony was simple, for he hated pomp and honours, and his family, knowing of this antipathy, asked that the funeral ceremony should be plain and simple and without show. The public was not informed of the place or time, and only the relatives accompanied the mournful cortège.

The sons and daughters and the sister of Dickens were, however, not the only ones to see him placed in the tomb.

Under the vaults of Westminster the great characters which he created and which made the glory of the novelist, were given a rendezvous. Death, as fantastic as our artist E. Morin, called them forth that day. In the twilight of the chapel, one saw Nicholas Nickleby, Little Dorrit, Barnaby Rudge, David Copperfield, Oliver Twist, Dombey, Mr. Pickwick, poor little Sleary, of Hard Times, Pecksniff, Gamp and Harris, three characters of American citizens, which Dickens took from life and copied in *Martin Chuzzlewit*. From time to time, a plaintive and mournful note was mingled with the chords of the organ. It was the sad canticle of the *Cricket on the Hearth*, the cricket

which was the first to sing the glory of the English novelist in France.

Such was the ideal funeral of Charles Dickens. The poetical creator was going from life, leaving alive the immortal creations of his genius. But that life was well filled. While in the office of the lawyer, where his father placed him, in order that he might learn the profession of a man of law, literature was revealed by little sketches of manners, signed "Boz," which had an immense success in London. His dramatic power, his force and the picturesqueness of his faculties of observation, were brought out more and more in his successful and fruitful productions. Death has struck him in the height of his talent. It has brutally broken the pen, which leaves unfinished his last book, *The Mystery of Edwin Drood*.

Charles Dickens has dug deep into social misery. He has described vice at its worst, but his thoughts have always remained good and pure. His persistent idea has been to console those who suffer, by calling the attention and the pity of the fortunate of the world upon them, impressing upon the former and upon the latter, what is too

often forgotten, both in poverty and in prosperity, — DUTY.

From *Le Monde Illustré* (Paris), 25th June, 1870

PLATE NUMBER XL

*CHARLES DICKENS*

Surrounded by characters from

*David Copperfield*

From an oil painting by W. Gray

(1870)







PLATE NUMBER XLI

*CHARLES DICKENS*

Surrounded by characters from his works

From an oil painting by W. Gray  
(1870)







PLATE NUMBER XLII

*CHARLES DICKENS*

Surrounded by characters from his works

From an oil painting by W. Gray  
(1870)







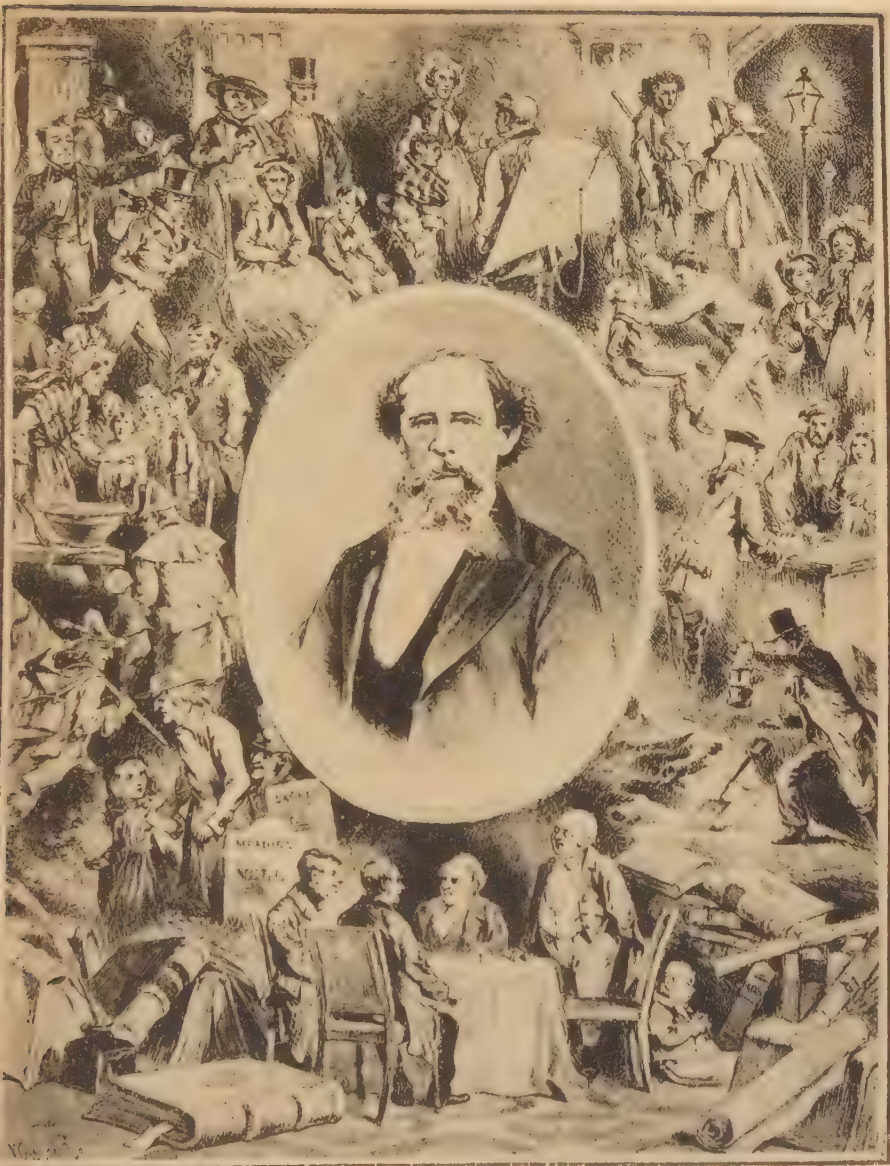


PLATE NUMBER XLIII

*CHARLES DICKENS AND HIS  
CHARACTERS*

From the oil painting by W. Reynolds  
formerly in the possession  
of Charles Dickens  
(Circa 1870)









## “SEM’S” CARICATURE OF DICKENS

(1870)

One of the most interesting caricatures of Dickens is that by “Sem.” The only reference to it known to me is that made by Percy FitzGerald in his *Recollections of a Literary Man*, published in 1882. Therein he tells us that Dickens “always said that what he thought was the best likeness of himself was one of those gigantic heads on tiny legs, a form once in high favour, the original by ‘Sem,’ which I came across in a dealer’s shop.”

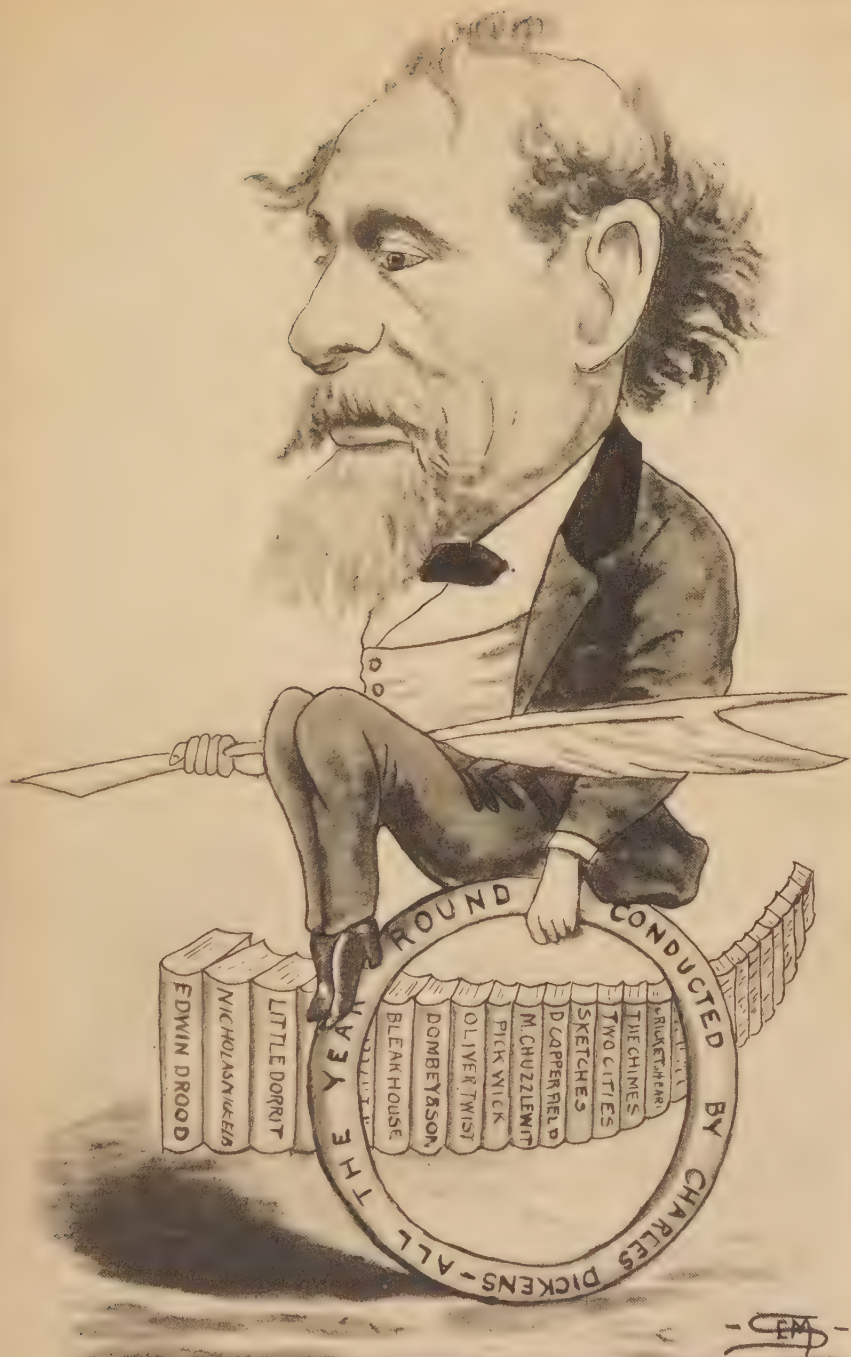
There is no doubt that the picture Mr. FitzGerald had in view was the one reproduced here; but I believe, however, that the one Dickens referred to was the carte-de-visite photograph entitled “From whom we have Great Expectations” (See Plate No. X).

The original painting of Sem’s caricature is now in my possession. I came across it in 1918, and reproduced it in *The Dickensian* for July 1919. I was unable to discover if it had been reproduced in any periodical before, nor was I able to identify the nom de plume “Sem.” On the painting, written in

pencil, are the words, "Sem's Panthenon — Literature" which suggests that Sem evidently executed a series of portraits of celebrities for some purpose.

Its publication in *The Dickensian* created a good deal of interest, and much curiosity as to whom "Sem" might stand for. There was a French artist, Georges Marie Goursat, born in 1863, who signed himself "Sem," but I have not been able to trace if he was the artist who painted the picture.

B. W. M.





## “SPY’S” CARICATURES OF DICKENS

(“Sketches from memory” — circa 1870)

F. G. Kitton in the supplement to his *Charles Dickens by Pen and Pencil* said: —

“Mr. Leslie Ward (perhaps better known as ‘Spy,’ of *Vanity Fair*) is responsible for a humorous portrait of Dickens. As the son of Mr. E. M. Ward, R. A., he had a personal acquaintance with the novelist, having, when but a lad, been introduced to Dickens by his mother. The pronounced style of Dickens’s dress seemed to have impressed the young caricaturist so much that he felt impelled to give vent to his sense of humour by executing some memory sketches of the great writer. These are dated ‘February 1870,’ and the largest of the series represents Dickens (in three-quarter length, front view) as he appeared in walking dress, with an overcoat having a quilted silk collar and cuffs — so fashionable at that time — check trousers, and hat tilted over the right ear, giving an opportunity for a free display of a tuft of hair, then perfectly blanched. The drawing, which is coloured, and about the size of the

*Vanity Fair* cartoon, suggests the thought that it was intended for publication in that journal, but as a matter of fact it was produced three years before his introduction to the proprietor of that journal; by the artist's permission it is given here for the first time. Allowing for exaggeration, the drawing portrays Dickens as he appeared a few months before his death, and is as successful an effort as any of the free handed caricatures which he has executed for *Vanity Fair* of other celebrities. The remaining sketches to which I have alluded [Plates XLVI and XLVII] are in pen and ink — small jottings on note-paper slightly tinted; they are side and back views of the novelist, in walking dress."

The three pictures are here reproduced.



PLATE NUMBER XLV







PLATE NUMBER XLVI





PLATE NUMBER XLVII



PLATE NUMBER XLVIII  
*SCENES AND CHARACTERS FROM*  
*DICKENS*  
(Circa 1872)









PLATE NUMBER XLIX  
*DICKENS RECEIVING HIS  
CHARACTERS*  
From a painting by W. H. Beard  
(1874)







PLATE NUMBER L  
*A SOUVENIR OF DICKENS*  
(Circa 1875)

From an unfinished painting by R. W. Buss









PLATE NUMBER LI

“*THE TWO CHARLIES*”—*DICKENS*  
*AND FECHTER*

A recollection Drawn by Alfred Bryan

From *Entr'acte*, 23d August, 1879





A. B. 1881  
TOMLINSON AND TROTTER.



PLATE NUMBER LII  
*THACKERAY AND DICKENS*  
(Circa 1880)

THIS caricature by Alfred Bryan is reproduced by permission of Mr. A. Edward Newton, the present owner of the colored original.

It formed the frontispiece of his book, *The Amenities of Book-Collecting and Kindred Affections*, published in 1920.

Many of Alfred Bryan's caricatures appeared in the London paper *Entr'acte* during the seventies, eighties and nineties (see Plate LI — Dickens and Fechter), but this was not among them.

B. W. M.









## THE DICKENS CARNIVAL IN BOSTON

Whilst Momus presided over the Mardi Gras revels in New Orleans, and the closing gaieties in other cities took the form of balls, receptions and banquets, Boston indulged in the semi-intellectual dissipation of a "Dickens" Carnival. The time was Shrove Tuesday Night, and the place was Mechanics' Hall. The unique entertainment attracted unusual attention, not only on account of the extensive scale upon which it was organized, but also from the fact that it owed its origin and organization to the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston.

The Union has always been opposed to asking charity for its benevolent objects, and the Carnival was a happy thought to aid the treasury. Its success may be judged from the fact that over 7,000 tickets were sold. The hall was crowded by a brilliant assemblage which included not a few of the literary and artistic celebrities of the New England Athens.

On one side of the hall, in front of the stage, was a miniature representation of

Dickens's garden at Gad's Hill; on the other, a veritable Gypsy's Camp, the little horse-shoe tent hidden away back among the evergreen trees and mossy banks, while near to the border was a log fire with the old iron kettle hanging from the tripod above. The stage itself was given up to the tableaux and procession. The first picture upon which the curtain rose was the cathedral scene from *David Copperfield*, "Marriage Bells, One, Two, Three." This was followed by scenes from *Bleak House*, *Pickwick*, *Our Mutual Friend*, and *Old Curiosity Shop*, while the singing of "The Ivy Green" and the dancing of the minuet afforded agreeable interludes.

Then came the most interesting and poetically suggestive picture of the evening — which our artist has reproduced. It represented Charles Dickens himself seated thoughtfully at a table while before him passed a procession of the characters in *Barnaby Rudge*,— Jo and Dolly Varden, Emily, Lord George Gordon, the hangman, the blindman, the rioters, Mr. and Mrs. Varden, Simon Tappertit and Miggs and Dennis filed slowly past. Finally, the uncouth Barnaby Rudge, with Grip, the raven,



PLATE NUMBER LIII



on his back, came silently in and made his obeisance to Dickens.

*A Tale of Two Cities* furnished the final scene, during which the "Marseillaise" was sung by a group surrounding the Goddess of Liberty. Then the entire company of Dickens's characters formed in line and marched across the stage and down the center aisle.

From *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper*, New  
York, 28th February, 1885

PLATE NUMBER LIV  
A *CHRISTMAS CELEBRITY* —  
*CHARLES DICKENS*

Drawn by Alfred Bryan

From *Moonshine* (London),  
22nd December, 1888







PLATE NUMBER LV  
*DICKENS SURROUNDED BY HIS  
CHARACTERS*

Drawn by J. R. Brown  
Especially for *Dickens by Pen  
and Pencil* — 1889-90







## PLATE NUMBER LVI

### CHARLES DICKENS STREET

IN 1890, when changes were made in the names of some of London's main streets, a writer in *The Daily Graphic*, commenting upon those chosen, said: "Our latest christenings of important thoroughfares seem to be singularly infelicitous, seeing how many notable names there were to choose from.

"Why not Charles Dickens Street? It is singular, seeing that the author of *Pickwick* was so intimately associated with London and its streets, that none of them should bear his name."

Inspired by this idea, another paper, *Scraps*, — an illustrated weekly, — published the picture reproduced here, with the following editorial note: —

"Our artist considers that the idea is excellent. By the exercise of a little ingenuity, Charles Dickens Street might be one of the features of the town."

B. W. M.









PLATE NUMBER LVII

*CHARLES DICKENS*

THIS picture was especially drawn by Harry Furniss for "The Gadshill" Edition of *The Uncommercial Traveller*, published in November 1898, and was first reproduced in that volume in photogravure.

The scenes surrounding the portrait of Dickens all represent incidents in the volume in which the picture appeared.

B. W. M.







PLATE NUMBER LVIII

*DICKENS ENJOYS A FRIENDLY  
PIPE WITH SOME OF HIS  
CREATIONS*

IN 1898 Messrs. Cope & Co., the British tobacconists, issued a series of fifty pictures of characters from Dickens's books, which were presented with packets of their cigarettes.

These pictures were also printed in colors in a pamphlet, entitled "The Charles Dickens Album," being No. 1 of Cope's "Smoke-Room Albums." The picture by G. P. which is reproduced here, was in black and white and formed the frontispiece to the Album.

B. W. M.







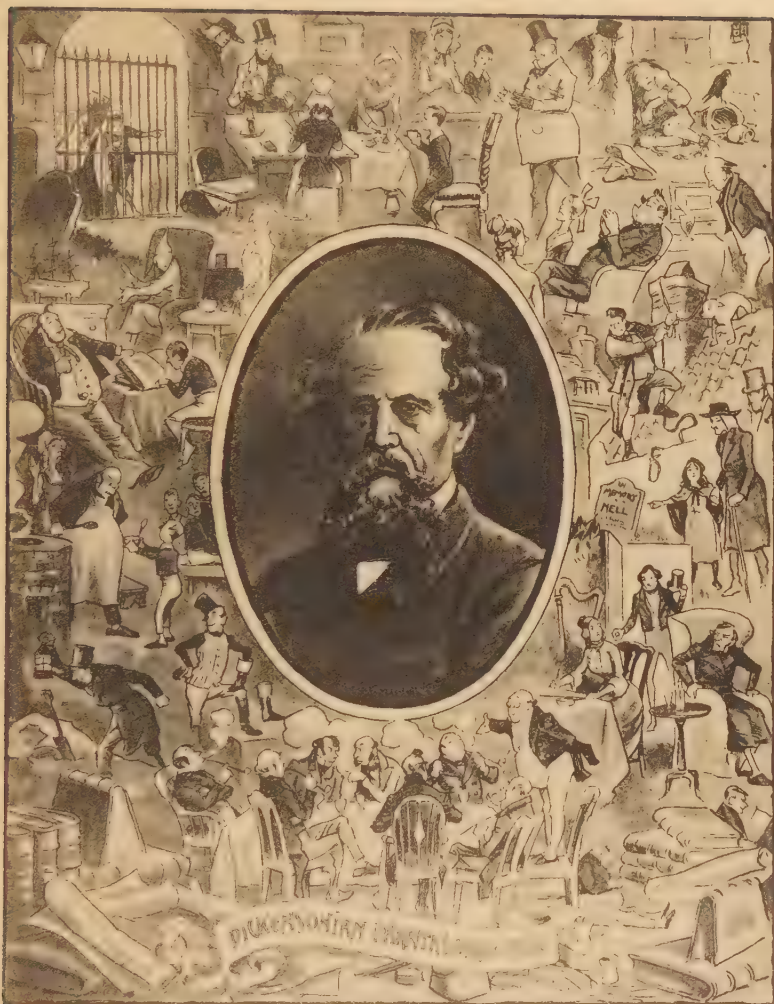


PLATE NUMBER LIX  
*DICKENSONIAN PHANTAS-*  
*MAGORIA*

By J. M. Stamford

Supplement to *Household Words*  
(London), 26th May, 1901







## PLATE NUMBER LX

### A DICKENS REVERIE

ON the 7th of February 1903, Dickens's birthday was celebrated at Bath by the unveiling of the two tablets on respective houses in that city — one to the memory of Dickens and the other to the memory of Landor.

The former ceremony was performed by Percy FitzGerald, the first President of the Dickens Fellowship, who was accompanied to Bath by members of the newly formed society.

In the evening a public banquet was held in the Assembly Rooms when each guest was presented with a menu illustrated with Pickwickian and other pictures, on the cover of which was the very excellent portrait of the novelist surrounded by scenes from *The Pickwick Papers*, associated with Bath and Bristol, which is reproduced here. It was headed: —

B A T H

Welcome to Ba-ath, Sir. Most welcome to  
Ba-ath.

[B. W. M.]





